The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* August *will be noticed in the* September *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th September *in the* October *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

The book which Mr. Haggard is now engaged upon will, we understand, embody his experiences as a farmer of a portion of his own estate at Ditchingham. It will be entitled "The Farmer's Year." Some portions of it will probably be published serially in *Longman's Magazine* prior to the publication of the whole in volume form.

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. will publish in the early autumn Mr. Guy Boothby's new novel, entitled "Across the World for a Wife." The story was originally published serially in a syndicate of Irish newspapers.

Zack, the author of "Life is Life," is, as is well known, Miss Gwendoline Keats. Miss Keats was born at Bideford, and is thus an addition to the list of Devonshire authors. She is at present engaged in writing a play.

It is not improbable that Miss Menie Muriel Dowie's next novel may be a Scotch one—an unusual departure for her, but one of great interest to her readers.

There is some talk of Mr. Pearson giving coloured pictures as a permanent feature of his magazine. He was well pleased with the experiment made last Christmas, and is contemplating beginning the presentation of a large number of coloured pages every month. At the same time there is some talk about the enlargement of the *Windsor*.

Mr. Lewis Hind's novel, "The Enchanted Stone," will probably be published by Mr. John Lane in the autumn. The story was completed some years ago, before Mr. Hind assumed editorship of the *Academy*, but has since been partially re-written. One of its chapters appeared in the dead and gone *Yellow Book*.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs is advancing slowly with his new novel. A volume of his short stories—dissimilar in *locale* to that of his "Many Cargoes"—will precede the publication of the novel. A West End manager has approached Mr. Jacobs with a view of persuading him to write a humorous play, but present engagements and other reasons have prevented him from attempting the experiment.

We hear that the new serial which Mr. Bloundelle Burton has written for publication in the *Navy and Army Illustrated* is entitled "Fortune's my Foe." It will be published simultaneously in America and Australia.

Amongst the autumn books written by well-known authors will be "The Camp at Wandinong," a volume of stories by Miss Ethel Turner, the author of "The Story of a Baby" and "Seven Little Australians."

Mr. Edgar Fawcet, whose work is perhaps better known in America than in this country, is at present staying in London.

Mr. Headon Hill is at present engaged writing a new series of short stories, to which he has given the general title of "Perils of the Red Box."

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new book, "Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," will be published in this country by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett in the early part of August. It will be published simultaneously in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co.

We are glad to learn that Mr. W. Clark Russell is now enjoying better health than he has had for some years. He does not, however, intend leaving Bath this summer.

Mr. W. C. Scully, who has been in town during the summer, has now returned to South Africa to resume his duties as resident magistrate at Transkei Nquamkwe, Cape Colony. His new book, "A Vendetta of the Desert," will be published during the autumn. Messrs. Methuen and Co are the publishers.

Mr. Fleming H. Revell, of the Fleming H. Revell Co. of Chicago, has been in London for some little time combining business with pleasure, but he has now returned to America.

The July number of the *Author* is mainly devoted to a criticism of the draft agreement put forward by the Publishers' Association, with comments approved by the committee, and written by Mr. Thring. Sir Walter Besant, the editor of the *Author*, follows with comments of his own. Many of Mr. Thring's criticisms appear to us sound, and we are confident that the great majority of publishers will agree with us. The serious blots lie in the following clause: "The publisher shall during the legal term of copyright have the exclusive right of producing and publishing the work in the English language throughout the world. The publisher shall have the entire control of the publication and sale and terms of sale of the book, and the author shall not during the continuance of this agreement (without the consent of the publisher) publish any abridgment, translation, or dramatised version of the work."

This is a claim, in the first place, for the American rights of the book. These American rights are often very important. Royalties paid in America are not so large as those paid here on the whole, but we could name several cases in which English books have sold in larger numbers

in the United States than they have done here. This clause must be interpreted in the light of what follows: "In the event of the publisher disposing of copies or editions at a reduced rate for sale in the United States or elsewhere, or as remainders, a royalty of per cent. of the amount realised by such sale is to be paid to the author. In the event of the publisher realising profits from the sale, with consent of the author, of early sheets, serial or other rights, or plates for the production of the work in the United States or elsewhere, or from claims for infringement of copyright, a royalty of per cent. of the net amount of such profits remaining after deducting all expenses relating thereto is to be paid to the author."

Mr. Thring points out that this agreement does not bind the publisher to secure an American copyright for the author, nor even to do his best to obtain it. It may pay an English publisher better to sell sheets or stereos to America, and pay the author a royalty, than to obtain a copyright. We may add to this that there are many cases in which it would pay an author better—in fact, that many authors must be content to make what money they make from America in this way. We confess, however, that it seems to us the American rights should be the subject of a separate agreement, and that that agreement should be in all cases where a publisher is willing to take the thing up on the same terms as those paid to the literary agents. Literary agents charge ten per cent. on the author's American profits. We do not see why the English publisher should not do business upon the same terms. He is, as a rule, quite as competent to make an agreement with America as an agent. Our English publishers all travel in America nowadays, and it is becoming more and more the practice for them to enter into working alliances with American publishers. The author would not object to their doing his American business for him if he did it as well and on the same terms as the agent, nor would the author object to his publisher acting for him provided they were on friendly terms. The existing facts of the situation ought to be fairly looked in the face. Agents sell book-rights and serial-rights, and they do so often very satisfactorily on terms that cannot be considered excessive when the difficulties are remembered. If publishers are to have any part in the American control of their books they must accept similar terms.

When an author is very popular he can do business with America for himself without paying anything either to publisher or agent, and some of our most eminent authors have adopted this plan. Others, again, who detest the details of financial business have left the work to agents, not because they could not do it themselves, but because they prefer to pay rather than take the trouble.

No better is the proposal to forbid the author to dramatise his work without the consent of the publisher. Dramatic rights are in the majority of cases quite valueless, but in an increasing number they are more valuable than anything else. The profits, for example, of "The Little Minister" as a play very far exceed the profits of it as a book. If a publisher has the dramatic rights of a book adapted for the stage—that is, if the author cannot move forward without his consent—he will be greatly tempted to insist on a very good price before he yields to the author's desire to dramatise. We cannot see that this is right. The royalty should be calculated simply upon what the book will produce as a book. Nobody pretends to be able to foresee the fate of dramatised versions. As a rule when a novel is successfully dramatised a great many additional copies are sold, and thus the publisher reaps his advantage. We must also agree with Mr. Thring that authors should not bind themselves to assign their books to the executors, administrators and assigns or successors, as the case may be, of publishers. Suppose a publisher becomes bankrupt; suppose his business is sold to another firm. It may happen quite well that his book is killed in the transfer. There occur to us at the moment of writing half a dozen cases where this has been the case. It is difficult to suggest a good plan, a plan that will be just alike to publisher and author, but the clause as it stands is undoubtedly too drastic. There are some points on which we seriously disagree with Mr. Thring, but there is not space to touch on more than one, which may be conveniently discussed in some remarks on Sir Walter Besant's comments. We cannot but think that these comments are greatly exaggerated, and we will proceed to specify one or two instances.

Sir Walter Besant takes the case of a book which sells 3,000 copies. He assumes that it cost £150 to produce it, including advertisements. What may the author make out of his work? £400 for his English serial rights; £200 for his American serial rights; royalties on 3,000 copies at 20 per cent., £180; American royalties at 15 per cent. on 2,000, £90; Continental rights, £50; translation rights, £25; dramatic rights, if the book is successfully dramatised, some thousands. Without reckoning the last the author stands to make £925 for his book. What does the publisher propose to make under the new proposals? asks Sir Walter. He replies that the publisher gives the author a royalty of a shilling a copy, which leaves himself £225; he takes the American serial rights and gives the author 10 per cent. royalty on it, leaving himself £180; he takes the American royalties and gives the author, say, 10 per cent., leaving himself £81; in the same way he keeps £45 of the Continental rights and £22 of the translation rights, and thus takes £553 for himself. We have looked very carefully over the agreement, and we find nothing to justify these figures, even in Mr. Thring's comments. Mr. Thring does indeed say that the publisher will charge for acting as American agent from 25 to 50 per cent., but Sir Walter Besant says that the publisher charges for acting in America 90 per cent. of the profits, and that this is demanded in the draft agreement. We venture to ask Sir Walter Besant what is the justification for this statement. The point upon which Sir Walter Besant and Mr. Thring, and even the Committee of the Society, agree is that the publisher has no right to charge anything for office expenses, on the ground that he does not pay any office expenses to the authors. Sir Walter says: "As in every other trade, his office expenses are part of the publisher's machinery. He places it at the service of the author; it is all, in most cases, that he does for the book; if he is to be paid for office expenses, so is the author."

We confess that this kind of reasoning fairly baffles us. In the first place it is admitted that the cost of advertisements must be reckoned by the publisher before an estimate can be made of profits. No one, as we understand, questions this. It is allowed by Sir Walter Besant himself. Why then should not the expenses of travelling be calculated? There are some publishers who do not travel at all, some very eminent publishers whom we could name. There are other publishers who believe in travelling far more than in advertising, and who regularly devote more money to travelling than to advertising. Now, will Sir Walter Besant tell us whether in his opinion the publishers who travel and the publishers who do not travel are to be similarly treated in the matter of expenses? Travelling is a most expensive business, and it promises to become much more expensive. It is in the opinion of many a most efficient way of promoting the sale of a book. Is an author willing that his publisher should not travel his book? If he is, of course he ought not to be charged for the expenses of travelling; but if he is not, he ought to be.

Again, an author we are told is entitled to charge for his office expenses. He would certainly be entitled to charge for his office expenses if by increasing his expenditure he could produce a more valuable book. If, for example, by visiting scenes for his historical stories he could make a book sell better; if by refraining from publication for say three years he can polish his book better, and make it more acceptable; if publishers were certain of this, then no doubt they would be willing to pay. But everybody knows that there is no certainty of any such thing. It is in many cases precisely the books on which the author spends most expense and time that do worst. "Guy Mannering" was written in six weeks. It cost Scott much less time and much less labour than some of his later books which have had nothing like its vogue. What makes a book live and sell is the quality of genius about it, and it often happens that the more research, the more purchase of books, the more study, the more elaboration an author puts into his book the worse it becomes.

The only thing that a publisher has to do with or an editor in dealing with a manuscript sent to him is its intrinsic merit. It matters nothing to him whether the author has spent £100 in buying books to write it, or whether he has spent nothing. It matters nothing to him whether the author took three years to write it or six months. What he has to look at is whether the production is good and saleable—that, and nothing else. It may safely be said that the authors who pay most for office expenses would if they made the full charges find nobody willing to purchase them.

Among recent German explorers in Turkey, probably the most distinguished is Major Von Diest, who has travelled and surveyed the country as thoroughly as Von Moltke himself in the beginning of his career. The opinion of a traveller possessed of such previous education, and such freedom from prejudice, on the present situation in Turkey is of the highest value; and we therefore quote the review of Professor W. M. Ramsay's recent work, "Impressions of Turkey during Twelve Years' Wanderings," which he has contributed to the leading German geographical magazine, *Petermann's Mittheilungen*, 1898, Part 3, No. 176. In the new phase into which the Eastern Question seems likely to pass, we can only hope that the hearty approval which he expresses of the Scottish traveller's judgment and conclusions is an omen of a better mutual understanding between Germany and Britain about the fate of Asiatic Turkey.

After mentioning the author's archæological studies in Asia Minor, Major Von Diest continues: "In the 'Impressions' Ramsay now gives a picture of the present inhabitants of the country. I would describe it as a strikingly successful one; his description is not confined to their lineage, customs, and usages; he has acquired deep insight into the thought, feeling, and aims of the masses of population, so infinitely difficult for the outsider to survey and disentangle, in a land, which, as in antiquity, so still at the present day, may be called the battlefield between the European and the Asiatic spirit. The chapters on Turkish Village-life, on the Officials, the Government—the Sultan—on the Spread of the Greeks, show the keenest observation. With especially intimate understanding is the beneficent work of the American missions among the Armenians mentioned; but also through the description of the Mohammedan races there blows a spirit of noble humanity and really Christian love of mankind, which contrasts to advantage with the often superficial talk or summary condemnation in our journals.

"While far from able to set my own experiences alongside those of the author, yet I am in the position, thanks to fourteen months of topographical work in the interior of Asia Minor, to follow his observations in detail. I must almost without exception assent to his judgment and his conclusions, and can only end with the wish that Ramsay's 'Impressions' may experience very wide popularity, perhaps too may make some impression among European diplomatists, whose knowledge of the internal condition of Turkey is often as scanty as their recent means for 'Solution of the Eastern Question' must appear unworthy and unchristian—in the last point, too, the author has in my estimation spoken from the heart."

The new romance which Mr. Bloundelle Burton has written for the *Navy and Army Illustrated* will commence very shortly, and will be of a distinctly naval nature, the leading male and female characters being, with one exception, connected with the Service. The story will open with the assault on Carthagena under Vernon, and conclude with the victory of Quiberon under Hawke, while many old naval customs and habits will be described.

The French version of "Cyrano de Bergerac" has enjoyed a phenomenal sale in London during the last months. In one French library alone something like ten thousand copies have been disposed of.

Mr. Levett Yeats proposes to remain in England for eighteen months. He has just completed a short novel for the *Graphic*, but is doing little literary work at the moment. India, he complains, is not good for inspiration, and the heavy work on the frontier certainly has given him little leisure for thinking about new books.

Publishers are already announcing some of their autumn books. We understand that Mr. John Long will issue, among others, "Father Anthony," a new novel by Mr. Robert Buchanan; "Ward of the King," by Katharine S. Macquoid; a new novel by Charles Hannan; a new novel by Mrs. Coulson Kernahan; a new novel by Esmé Stuart; a new novel by J. Maclaren Cobban; "Ada Vernham, Actress," by Mr. Richard Marsh; and a collection of Australian Bush stories, "When the Mopoke Calls," by Mr. W. S. Walker, a nephew of "Rolf Boldrewood."

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

JUNE 20TH TO JULY 16TH, 1898.

The state of business during this period has been as a whole satisfactory, that is to say, at the usual summer level. After the marked check it receives at the first burst of real summer weather, it usually improves slightly, and then continues unchanged until the holiday season is past. There is a fair amount of activity in business with the colonies and foreign countries generally.

The sale of "fiction" of all kinds, and the 6s. novel in particular, has been a better one during the period under notice. At the moment of writing there is no particular work which is ahead of the others.

With the single exception of Mr. G. W. E. Russell's "Gladstone," in the "Prime Ministers' Series," there is very little enquiry for works dealing with the deceased statesman. "Wagner" literature is also in the background.

Theology is in slight demand only. Very little is done just now in books of this class, save in the case of Canon Gore's "Lord's Prayer" and Welldon's "Hope of Immortality."

The new 6s. Biographical edition of Thackeray's works has been well received.

Large orders have been booked (amounting to something like 25,000 copies) of Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau," which will be issued by the time this is in print.

There is still a good trade in "London Guide" books, and the number published is being constantly augmented. The ordinary traveller's county handbook seems, in some measure, to have given place to the 1s. guide to a town and neighbourhood. Ward and Lock's 1s. series, a comprehensive one, is in great favour.

Books on Cricket, noticeably Prince K. S. Ranjitsinhji's work on the subject, and in fact publications on athletics of all kinds, are now to the fore, as also are books dealing with out-door life in any form.

The issue of the first number of the *Harmsworth Magazine* has been quite an event in the trade. Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the issue, when it is stated that for the purposes of this report it has been officially ascertained that the leading wholesale house has distributed about 150,000 copies of this publication, weighing OVER FIFTY TONS.

Below is appended the usual list of the most popular publications of the hour. It may be noted that many of the titles have appeared here before, and that on the whole there is an improvement in what may be styled the permanency of books generally.

Evelyn Innes. By G. Moore. 6s. (Unwin.)
The House of Hidden Treasure. By M. Gray. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Lake of Wine. By B. Capes. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Admiral. By Douglas Sladen. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
A Pink'un and a Pelican. By Binstead and Wells. 6s. (Bliss.)
The Londoners. By R. Hichens. 6s. (Heinemann.)
At the Cross Roads. By F. Montresor. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Hannibal's Daughter. By A. Haggard. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Forest Lovers. By M. Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Ape, the Idiot, etc. By W. C. Morrow. 6s. (Richards.)
The Millionaires. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Penelope's Experiences in Scotland. By K. D. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay.)
Leddy Marget. By L. B. Walford. 6s. (Longmans.)
Meg of the Scarlet Foot. By W. E. Tirebuck. 6s. (Harper.)
The Indiscretions of Lady Asenath. By B. Thomson 6s. (Methuen.)
Bam Wildfire. By H. Mathers. 6s. (Burleigh.)
Strength. By E. Sandow. 2s. 6d. net. (Gale.)
Her Ladyship's Elephant. By D. D. Wells. 3s. 6d (Heinemann.)
R. N. Carey's Works. New 3s. 6d. edition. (Bentley.)
The Price of a Wife. By J. S. Winter. 3s. 6d. (White.)
The Prisoner of Zenda. By A. Hope. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
Quo Vadis? By H. Sienkiewicz. 2s. nett. (Dent.)
Private Life of Queen Victoria. 2s. 6d. (Pearson.)
Waiting for the Spring. By D. Trelawny. 1s. (*Church Bells.*)
The Wonderful Century. By A. R. Wallace. 7s. 6d. (Sonnenschein.)
The Lord's Prayer. By Canon Gore. 1s. 6d. (Wells Gardner.)
The Hope of Immortality. By J. E. C. Welldon. 6s (Seeley.)

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
June 25—A fair amount of business, as is usual, during "magazine week." Trade in export departments satisfactory.
July 2—Trade is rather quiet again. Business with the colonies and abroad rather more active.
" 9—There is a continued lull in business, which is at the summer level. Foreign and colonial trade good.
" 16—A somewhat busier week, assisted by *Harmsworth* Trade with the colonies and foreign countries improving.

(2) SCOTLAND.

JUNE 22ND TO JULY 20TH, 1898.

So soon as the interest and sympathy called forth by Mr. Gladstone's death had abated, the sale of the various works commenting on his long career declined. The trade during the month was exceptionally quiet, and the supply of new volumes reached probably its lowest point for the whole year.

Owing to a decided improvement in the weather and the holiday season beginning, guide books and light literature for railway sale came to the front, along with a good demand for cycling and road maps.

The following four six-shilling novels had a good sale: "Evelyn Innes," by George Moore; "Silence," by Miss Wilkins; "Isabel Carnaby," by Miss Fowler, and "Life is Life," by Zack, the last-named having much attention paid to it as a work of merit by a new writer.

"The Price of a Wife," by John Strange Winter, came at an opportune time, and as a good three-shillings-and-sixpence novel met with much favour, and was very readily stocked.

Nat Gould's "Landed at Last" was the leading

two-shilling volume of the month, and for outdoor sport, besides very many handbooks, the latest addition to the Fur, Feather, and Fin Series, that on "The Trout," by the Marquess of Granby, claimed special notice.

Notwithstanding the season of the year, and the fact that sermons are risky stock, the People's Edition of Robertson's (Brighton) Sermons, with introduction by Ian Maclaren, found a very brisk sale, which is likely to continue during the whole issue.

In the magazine trade, the sensation was the extraordinary demand, created by advertising, for Harmsworth's new monthly, and their various disputes over trade terms. All the magazines continued to be very attractive with summer reading, and the special number of *The Lady's Realm*, with its showy cover, was taken up well.

The following may be reckoned the leading books of the month as far as sales were concerned :—

Evelyn Innes. By George Moore. 6s. (Unwin.)
Silence. By Mary E. Wilkins. 6s. (Harper.)
Millionaires. By F. F. Moore. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Lust of Hate. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward and Lock.)
Kronstadt. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)
Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
The Admiral. By Douglas Sladen. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Hannibal's Daughter. By Haggard. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Price of a Wife. By J. Strange Winter. 3s. 6d. (White.)
Penelope in Scotland. By Kate D. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay and Bird.)
Crook of the Bough. By M. M. Dowie. 6s. (Methuen.)
Landed at Last. By Nat Gould. 2s. (Routledge.)
Race for Millions. By D. C. Murray. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
Meriel. By Amélie Rives. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)
Adrienne. By Rita. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
John Burnet of Barns. By John Buchan. 6s. (Lane.)
In the Swim. By Richard H. Savage. 2s. (Routledge.)

NEW WRITERS.

MR. E. V. LUCAS.

MR. EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS was born of Quaker parents in 1868. He was educated in various private schools, and obtained his first experiences of journalism on the *Sussex Daily News* at Brighton from 1889 to 1891. The two following years he devoted to the study of English literature at University College, London, and from that time he has done journalistic work of various kinds on a number of papers. For the last five years he has written the Literary Gossip, which is such an attractive feature in Saturday's *Globe*. In October, 1896, Mr. Lucas joined the staff of the *Academy*, and is responsible for the *Academy's* literary news, which is always fresh, bright, and readable. In 1893 Mr. Lucas published "Bernard Barton and his Friends," a life of Lamb's friend and Edward FitzGerald's father-in-law. Last Christmas Mr. Grant Richards issued Mr. Lucas' "Book of Verses for Children," a charming collection of light verse made according to a theory expressed by the author in the *Fortnightly Review*—that children are their own poets, and are not ready for real poetry such as is usually offered them. The book was beautifully produced, and made one of the hits of the season. About the same time Mr. Lucas published "The Flamp," "The Ameliorator," and "The Schoolboy's Apprentice," three stories for children in Mr. Grant Richards' "Dumpy Series," of which he is editor. Early in the present year appeared "The War of the Wenuses," a most amusing and successful parody of "The War of the Worlds," written in collaboration with Mr. C. L. Graves, the author of "The Hawarden Horace" and "More Hawarden Horace," to each of which volumes Mr. Lucas contributed a piece of verse. "Willow and Leather," Mr. Lucas' latest production, a book of verse and prose in praise of cricket, has just seen the light. In the autumn will appear a new volume of correspondence between Coleridge, Lamb, and the Lloyds of Birmingham, which Mr. Lucas has edited for Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., and a book of drawings of

From Photo by] MR. E. V. LUCAS. *[H. & R. Stiles.*

children by Mrs. Farmiloe, in which Mr. Lucas has written the verses.

Mr. Lucas is a very busy man, for in addition to his journalistic work and his other writing he is reader for Mr. Grant Richards.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. WILLIAM BARRY AND MR. GEORGE MOORE.

WE are indebted to Mr. Fisher Unwin for permission to publish the following letters :—

Dorchester, Wallingford,
June 25th, 1898.

DEAR GEORGE MOORE,—I was writing a line to Mr. Unwin two or three days ago, into which you came and your "Esther Waters." May I say that you have been much in my mind,—or even in my heart? And for a long while. Your scepticism,—my religion? Well, perhaps they have something in common. At least, we both do our human endeavour to see things as they are. We shall get our answer in a little,—or the silence which does duty for it. If I hope, and you hesitate, we are still of that not large company that think their own thoughts, instead of crying

with the mob. You live by yourself, they tell me; so do I.

There is no single word in the article you send me with which I do not agree. And I thank you for the lucid and therefore convincing way you have taken to express a vital principle in art as in morals.

Of course I am giving my own view, not that of anyone else. I don't pretend to speak with authority, having none to exercise. I am not in any sense an official person.

But the Church has a mind on these matters, and a usage; her dealings with the classics, with painting and sculpture, with medieval or modern masterpieces,—drama, story-telling, and the rest, have surely followed the lines you trace. It would be easier to charge the Roman Curia with too much than too little forbearance,—but such are the facts. Any one may verify them who will take a list of the famous modern books and search for them in the Index Expurgatorius. How few of them he will find there on the score of an *attentat aux mœurs*, which is what you are charged with! You claim for the artist a freedom which we all grant to the physician, the lawgiver writing about social phenomena, the biologist, and in general to the man of science, who finds nothing common or unclean. To know evil, and to describe evil, are not, in themselves, the same as to do evil. But, then, it will be said, the artist addresses the public, not professionals. Certainly,—and therefore not merely schoolgirls, prudes, or Puritans. I think, too, the custom of the country is undergoing a change in the direction of plain-speaking. And when everybody can read, and multitudes do read, every sort of detail in the newspapers, it seems illogical—superfluous, also,—to put an embargo on a six shilling book, circulating among the classes that buy these. However, you ask me whether you have stated the Catholic view; I answer, undoubtedly. The Church, before condemning an author's work, considers it as a whole; its details are governed by its scope and tendency, which, if they are sound, will justify very free handling on his part. Where the book has substance and life, time will soften the crudeness incidental to fresh attemps at symbolizing moral truths. And to time the process may be left.

I can't forbear enclosing a paper which has been well received among Catholics, abroad and in America no less than at home, by way of showing what is the method in criticism I would advocate. It is your contention from another point of view. The pages I mean are 4-12.

Mr. Unwin sent me "Evelyn Innes," which I mean to read when I have put my own book out of hand. But I have wanted ever since beginning "Esther Waters" to make some sign towards you. I shall finish reading it when I can overcome the pain there is in a study so close to life. One has known too much of these things, and you don't spare the truth. I took down the story a moment ago;—you say, the rock of offence was in Queen Charlotte's Hospital. My dear Moore, let us thank whatever gods there be that we are not as these Pharisees.

I don't know if we shall meet, or when. My London days are few, and get fewer. I can fancy, once we had broken the ice, a freedom in our talk which is beyond agreement. You know I hold no briefs. In spirit we surely have met. Forgive this endless letter.—Ever yours,

WILLIAM BARRY.

Dorchester, Wallingford,
July 1st, 1898.

DEAR MR. UNWIN,—I can have no possible objection to your publishing my remarks on the question of censorship by what George Moore calls a "library tribunal," as contrasted with that of the Catholic Church.

There is no need for me to be pedantically accurate in alluding to the one word of Moore's article on which, if this were the place, I should have something to say, viz., that an artist "reasons never." I take this to mean that an artist does not "reason" as a philosopher does, but by a method of his own. With this understanding, I accept all he has said in his little paper; and, of course, extremely well said it is. I have now quite finished "Esther Waters,"—a book as true as it is touching, and of a high moral purity and effectiveness. This judgment I know is shared by men and women, Catholics of my acquaintance, who have been edified where some others, with an amazing prudery, turn aside and cover their eyes. Well, I don't think their attitude either good sense or even tolerable Christianity.—Yours always sincerely, WILLIAM BARRY.

THE READER.

MRS. R. L. STEVENSON INTERVIEWED.

MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, who, with the rest of the Vailima family, is now spending the season at No. 34, Oxford Terrace in this city, has just returned from a trip to Scotland, where she has been visiting Mr. Stevenson's Edinburgh friends and relatives. The interviewer was welcomed, but having been instructed to ignore everything relating to Samoan life and politics, had to suppress many interesting stories.

"We had a very pleasant time," said Mrs. Stevenson, "and enjoyed meeting the friends I have not seen for so long. We went especially to see Louis's favourite aunt, Miss Jane White Balfour, of whom we are all very fond. We were entertained chiefly by Dr. George Balfour, Mr. Stevenson's uncle, and at the reception given us there we met many relatives. We also saw Louis's old nurse, 'Cummy' — Miss Allison Cunningham — who told us a number of interesting stories of Louis's boyhood, and whose repetitions have given her considerable fame in her circle."

"And what are your plans for the winter?" was asked.

"I expect to spend the winter in London," said Mrs. Stevenson, "and advise with Mr. Colvin regarding the 'Life of Robert Louis Stevenson,' which he has well under way. One-third of the letters are to appear serially in *Scribner's Magazine*, next year, and they, with the 'Life,' will be published as soon as possible in book form. The work of going over and editing these is a responsible one, and I preferred to be here where I could attend to it personally."

"To whom are the most of these letters written?" I asked her.

"To Edmund Gosse, W. E. Henley, Henry James, and William Archer," she replied, "besides those to Louis's father and mother. But perhaps the gayest of them all are directed to Mr. Barrie, of whom Louis was very fond, although they had never met. Their friendship was carried

on entirely by correspondence, and so Louis's letters were, in a way, autobiographical."

"We all had more or less of a hand in the Barrie letters," said Mrs. Stevenson's daughter, Mrs. Strong, "and as I was his amanuensis, I often interpolated of my own accord in a rather jocose mood. You know Mr. Stevenson dictated all of his later books to me, and he once wrote Barrie that I 'had a growing conviction that I was the real author of his works.'"

"I hope there is not so much Samoan politics in this set as in the Vailima Letters," I suggested.

"No," said Mrs. Strong; "they are in an entirely different vein, and much lighter and merrier than the letters written to Mr. Colvin, and are replies to amusing and clever correspondents, showing a different side of Mr. Stevenson's character altogether."

"Shall you stay in London also?" I asked Mrs. Strong.

"My son Austin, who has been at school in New Zealand, is on his way to New York, where he is to study landscape architecture, and I shall meet him and live there."

"And Mr. Osbourne?"

"My wife and I expect to spend the winter in Italy," he replied, "though we hardly like to leave the Tamaitai alone."

"Are you recovered from your recent illness?" I asked Mrs. Stevenson.

"Not completely, but I am much improved, and I shall soon be as well as ever, I expect."

"But have you no plans beyond this winter's work on the 'Life'?"

"I shall return to America in time, I hope, and shall live in New York, or possibly in California, where I would like to build a house, for at present we have no real home. Vailima is to be sold, as soon as we have an acceptable offer, and I would like to call California my permanent home."

"Have you met many old friends here?" I asked the Tamaitai.

"Yes," she answered; "with Mr. Colvin and Mr. Henley, Mr. Gosse and Mr. James are our oldest and best friends, and they have all been very kind to us. Mr. William Archer, too, is an old and dear friend, and I am sorry that I haven't yet been able to see him. We met many naval officers at Samoa during the eight years we lived there, and many of these have called and discussed old times. Many of them have been promoted since we saw them last, including almost all of the officers of H.M.S. *Curaçoa*, with whom Mr. Stevenson was always great friends."

Mrs. Strong added, "We are quite as proud, though, of our own United States officers, for we are all Americans of the most patriotic sort!" (I looked around and saw portraits of Admiral Dewey, Lieut. Hobson, and Captain Wainwright, beneath the crossed American and Cuban flags.) "We are all wishing we had been in the United States to see the departure of the troops, and I am glad that I shall probably be there when the men return. The whole war has been so picturesque and full of surprises. We buy all the papers we can get, and keep up with all the manœuvres."

Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne brought in the baby for inspection, a smiling, friendly infant of eighteen months, who is being ardently spoiled by the whole family. "He can't talk yet," she said, "but we are trying to teach him to say 'Cuba Libre!'"

"And then 'Remember the *Maine!*'" said the father.

"I am looking forward to a trip to Skerryvore, the house at Bournemouth where Mr. Stevenson and I lived five years," said Mrs. Stevenson. "The place was given us by Mr. Stevenson, senior, and we named it for the celebrated lighthouse. I believe there has been a plate put on the house since Mr. Stevenson's death, and there are also the memorial tablets of two of our dogs with Latin inscriptions on the stones built into the house. I hope, too, to get to Oxford, where Mr. Stevenson's cousin 'Pelema,' Mr. Balfour, lives. He was adopted as 'our cousin' by the family, and lived with us at Vailima several years."

"What portrait of Mr. Stevenson do you think the best?" was asked.

"Mr. Stevenson was a very baffling subject for the artist," was the reply. "Some got one side of his character and some another, but too many of them saw him only when he was ill or worn out. It is painful to us to see these now, for in his later years at Samoa he was much stronger and quite robust, and we like to remember him as the gay Louis he was at Vailima. On the whole I like the St. Gaudens medallion the best of all, and I am delighted to hear that he has been chosen to do the Edinburgh memorial."

"And which of Stevenson's writings do you like the best?"

"I agree with him that 'Weir of Hermiston,' though only a fragment, shows his best work," was the answer. "It is at least the best of the romances. For the short stories, personally I prefer 'Providence and the Guitar.' Did you know that it was a true story? Louis sent the money he obtained for it to the musician who was the hero of the tale."

"What have you written yourself?" I asked.

"Please don't ask me that!" she exclaimed.

"But you used to paint?"

"No! But Louis once tried. I have in San Francisco a picture he worked at with tremendous energy. It represented the arm of a chair with a matchbox on it, and it is the funniest thing you ever saw. He couldn't mix his oils, and finally had to use glazes and wash the paint on like water colour. Mrs. Strong, of course, has made innumerable sketches and caricatures at home and abroad."

"But we are forbidden to talk of Samoa," Mrs. Strong said, very emphatically. "When we were in San Francisco we met a lady who had just been to Siam, and taxed the forbearance of all her friends with Siamese descriptions—so the word 'Siam' is our by-word for a Samoan infliction."

"But I must say," said Mr. Osbourne, "that if you forbid Samoa and Stevensoniana, we are a very uninteresting family—not necessarily to ourselves, of course—but to the readers of your paper. We are glad of one thing, that THE BOOKMAN is not to be illustrated with our pictures. We had too many inflictions of that sort in the United States, and I could show you a Gallery of Horrors which we have collected from American 'Yellow Journals.' We are a simple, unpretentious family, and would prefer to keep out of the papers."

"But your own writings?" I insisted.

"When they appear over or under my name," he said,

"they will be fitter subjects for the reviewer than the interviewer."

"There are rumours of more Stevensoniana yet to come, besides the 'Life' and the 'Letters,'" I suggested.

"Several outsiders have been writing their experiences with Louis," said Mr. Osbourne, "but though we deprecate these unauthorised and incomplete accounts, of course we can do nothing to prevent their publication. We can, however, legally forbid the publication of private letters, and shall do so. I have myself been working on a Reader of selections from Stevenson, and am preparing to issue an album of illustrations of the Romances. I brought up from Samoa the original wood blocks that were used in the little amateur pamphlets we printed at Davos Platz and Bournemouth, from which we are to reprint copies enough to pay for the 'bonus volume' of the Edinburgh edition." Mrs. Stevenson added: "I have decided to present these blocks, which Mr. Stevenson cut with his own hands, to the Public Library in Boston, Massachusetts, where he was always warmly appreciated."

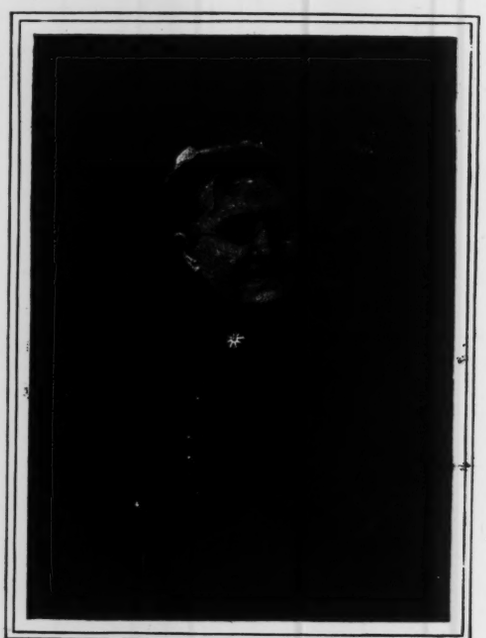
"And now for the last conventional question," I said; "how do you like London?"

Mrs. Stevenson looked at me, and I remembered the description of her glance in "An Object of Pity"—Lady Jersey's privately printed *pot-pourri* of Ouidaesque nonsense—"a glance as of one sighting a loaded pistol,"—and I escaped.

GELETT BURGESS.

MRS. LYNN LINTON.

WITH the passing away of Mrs. Lynn Linton, another of those precious links is broken which binds the literary life of the present with that of the previous generation. Mrs. Linton was in her seventy-seventh year, and



From Photo by] [*O'Neill, New Bond Street.*
MRS. LYNN LINTON.

although she took her part up to the very last in literary gatherings, was as brilliant and incisive as ever in conversation, and deeply interested in all new scientific discoveries, all matters political and social and international, yet one never forgot when in her presence that the aroma of the past was around her too—the aroma of her own achievements and of her own friendships and experiences stretching far back to the very time fifty years ago when she left her quiet home to plunge into the activities of a London life. It was not her age which made one conscious of this long and full career, for she did not give one the impression of being old. It was that she was essentially a woman of letters and in the best sense of the word; of a type fast dying out and very sorely to be missed; flooded with the true literary feeling and instinct; not like so many of us young people nowadays, a mere writer of an occasional novel called forth by the soul's passing necessity to express itself—and publish.

But it is not of the woman of letters that I am wishing to write this day; and elsewhere also can be found the epitome of her career and her successes: the history of her books, her essays, her controversies. But with the memory of that quiet form, lying so peacefully, like an old Viking at rest, I would fain speak of the dear kind friend with the big and generous heart, who stretched out her hand to give a young writer a warm greeting. And here I must be excused for bringing myself on the scene, since my only object in so doing is to accentuate a very sweet and lovely side of her character, which I learnt to know from personal experience. Mrs. Linton was my literary godmother. And Mr. William Blackwood was the other godparent. She always spoke of herself as such to me, and indeed my introduction to her by her relative Mrs. Thomas Hill proved, as it were, the turning point in my life. It is more than ten years ago now since Mrs. Hill kindly took me down to Queen Anne's Mansions to see the first working authoress with whom I had ever come in contact. Mrs. Linton was not well, and she was lying down on her couch when we entered her room. She scanned me closely, and frightened me a good deal as she read into my heart and brain, and told me forthwith that almost everything I had done was a mistake; and indeed then and there she poured forth her well-known criticisms against the higher education of women and so forth. She was deeply interested, but at the same time deeply horrified, to hear that I had just taken my London B.A. degree. Nevertheless, from the moment she first saw me, she never called me anything else but "little B.A." She also tried to impress on me that it was an immense mistake for a woman to enter on a literary career. She evidently disapproved of me theoretically from head to foot—for of course she recognised that I was a modern product—and I stood by her side and looked sad and grave. Then she glanced at me, and said in her singularly sweet and caressing voice: "And now, as usual, I've said too much. Come to me on Saturday, and bring some of your manuscripts." So I went on Saturday, armed with one or two little sketches which had appeared in magazines. I can see her now, reading them. Then she put them down, and bent over and kissed me. "Little B.A.," she said very tenderly, "you must go on writing, and there must be no half measures." When I left her that day I knew that we were to be friends and comrades to the end. I pressed forward with my work, and was always buoyed up by her kind and vigorous interest. She grieved for me over interruptions from ill-health, and rejoiced with me over accepted manuscripts and fresh possibilities. She sent innumerable letters

—all love letters—like her letters to all those whom she loved—to brace me up to fresh strength and endeavour. Her loving congratulations over any success were the most delightful that any one could possibly receive or conceive. She was always most generous and broad in her appreciation of other people's work, and very humble about her own. And even when she did not specially admire, she was always ready to help and advise. I know she waded through endless manuscripts, often correcting most minutely. She spoke so little of what she did for others, that it is not generally known how kind she was and how healthy in her manner of helping. Her influence also was entirely a healthy and virile one. She had a horror of anything which approached weak morbidness and unwholesome introspection or self-centredness. But the least sign of vigorous pluck to contend with difficulties physical, mental, and moral, called forth her unmitigated admiration, respect, and support. She was, in fact, a Viking: I christened her with that name at the beginning of our friendship, and she was proud of the title. And it is only a few weeks ago since I saw her again after a lapse of two or three years, and she said: "I am still a Viking—and shall die one!" She seemed in the best of health and spirits, and had come up to London for a round of gaiety and pleasure. Only a few days afterwards she was stricken down with the illness to which she succumbed, and during which she was tended and helped as ever by her devoted daughter-by-adoption—Mrs. Beatrice Hertz-Hartley, whom she loved with every fibre of her being, and on whom she had set her very heart's seal.

Before closing this hurried account, I am anxious to record that I have always thought she cared more for a liberal education for women than she herself realised. Her own heart's inclination came out in divers unmistakable ways, but she had so saturated herself with her stereotyped opposition to the higher education of women and their ways, that her mind could not travel freely on that trail. It was quite useless to discuss or remonstrate. The only thing to do was to leave the whole thing, and with gentle reverence and remembrance to call to mind that she herself in the long days past, when pioneering was a much more invidious task than now, came to London to cast in her lot with the great working world, and show how a brave and gifted and self-respecting woman, even in those times, was able to win her way to the front, and yet keep all her dignity and fine womanly courtesy intact. Beatrice Harraden.

MRS. NICKLEBY AT THE CLUB.

"Sent early to a good school, and kept there till the age, say, of one and twenty, Mrs. Nickleby would have grown into a quite endurable gentlewoman, aware of her natural weakness, and a modest participant in general conversation."—From Mr. George Gissing's Study of Charles Dickens.

IT was the night of the club's weekly debate, and Kate's youngest daughter (who was of a literary turn, and had nearly finished a short story, and would have finished it ere this, only that she could not think—bless her excellent young heart—of a tragic ending) had persuaded her grandmother to make one of her infrequent visits to town for the purpose, first of accepting a new and amazingly attractive lace cap which her pretty fingers had made for the old lady, second of introducing her to young women who (so Kate's daughter declared, and indeed they said so themselves) were leaders of modern thought. To the young woman's confusion her grandmother declined flatly to ride in a hansom, and insisted upon the chartering of a four-wheeler.

"And I say again," declared the old lady, as the four-wheeler rocked and pitched down Oxford Street like a barge in a heavy gale, "that I'd as lief go about London on roller skates as in a brazen-faced conveyance, with a man sitting up aloft like poor Jack looking after the cherubs, only that instead of doing that he's trying all the while to reckon up how much six times the proper fare will come to."

"We shall be rather late in arriving, I'm afraid," said Kate's daughter, gently.

"I remember being late once at church," said Mrs. Nickleby, reminiscently, "and your poor grandfather, my dear, was so annoyed that I thought he was never going to smile again, like Henry the Eighth. I fancy," added Mrs. Nickleby, "that it was on my wedding day, at any rate the sun was very warm, and all the coachmen were very tipsy, so that if it wasn't my wedding day it was some other day. Is this the place, dear?"

A lad in buttons opened the door sharply, and Mrs. Nickleby having asked the cabman whether he suffered from gout, and on the cabman answering that he had never had the blooming chance, having given him an excellent remedy which would cure either that complaint or a cold in the head, she was not sure which, the two went into the entrance hall, where they found several young women and some who were no longer juvenile, but who compensated for this by dressing as though they were on the point of leaving school. A member who wore an eyeglass, and had, in order to keep this in position, to contort her agreeable features, was introduced to Mrs. Nickleby by Kate's daughter.

"Absurd debate business," said the eye-glass member, languidly, "on upstairs. I'm going into smoke room, Cheeryble, to have a jolly good think."

"Ah," said Mrs. Nickleby, waggishly, "you men are much fonder of your pipe than you are of female society. You remind me of a gentleman who used to borrow——"

"Husb, grandma," whispered Kate's daughter, hurriedly, "there are no men here. This is the well-known authoress, Miss ——."

"Excuse me," said the eye-glass member, "if I trot off. I'm simply dying for a cig. Ta-ta."

The astonished old lady permitted her granddaughter to relieve her of her cloak, but insisted upon retaining her bonnet, and they went slowly upstairs. At the open door a group of members stood around, their foreheads creased and their lips set seriously, listening to the high-pitched voice of the opener of the debate within. Kate's daughter made way through the serious crowd, and inside the room found an arm-chair for Mrs. Nickleby, and, standing beside her, nodded brightly to acquaintances. The lady speaking at the table and enforcing her shrill, breathless arguments by pounding one little fist into the palm of the other little hand, was, it appeared, discussing the proper mode of training up children.

"They can ask me," whispered Mrs. Nickleby, "for any information that they want on *that* point. I daresay they are only anxious to learn. I remember so well, my dear, after your uncle Nickleby came to town,—it was about ten minutes past three, or three minutes past ten, I won't be sure which, but at any rate the doctor——"

"Grandma," said Kate's daughter, "we must listen."

The lady at the table was saying swiftly, and with no full stops, that she had no children of her own, and this she ventured to submit gave her some authority to speak with emphasis on this subject; the great thing with children was to make them honour (so to speak) their father and mother, to make them mind what you told them, and to punish them when necessary in some appropriate way, so that they should remember the punishment in connection with the offence; thus a child who had been told not to go near a fire, but who did go near the fire, and thereupon burnt itself, would ever afterwards dread going near the fire, and would not, in all probability go near to the fire again because it would have ever in its memory the dire results of the first experiment; they should be taught, too, that honesty, rightly considered, was by no means the worst policy, and that evil communications were as likely as not to corrupt good manners; all of which the breathless lady at the table said with as much vivacity and interest as though she were expounding newly-discovered facts of great excellence, the while members seated before her made careful notes in knowing-looking pocket-books. The breathless lady offered several other axioms characterised by the same splendid audacity; as, for instance, that if you allowed the birch to rest in idleness there was always a risk of spoiling the child; that if a child were trained up, so to speak, in the way it should go, then you might rest well assured that in later days, when adolescence should claim it, there would be an absence of any sort of reproach. Mrs. Nickleby listened in her usual detached way to the address, turning now and again to look up at her young chaperone with an anecdote suggested by a word that hit her comprehension, but Kate's youngest daughter shook her head, and it was not until the opener had finished that the old lady had an opportunity of whispering her comments.

"I knew a married lady once," she said, "who had no children—her name began with a B and ended with an X, perhaps it was Wilson—and she was so worried about it that she gave herself up to the police. Now I think of it, my dear, she was the woman who drowned them all, but still it only proves my argument that everybody has to buy their experience."

"I think you will be interested in the debate, grandma. Some of our members are very fluent speakers."

"In my young days," said Mrs. Nickleby, "long before you, my dear, were dreamt of, I was never what you would call a public orator, but I used to be able to recite a piece about the mountain and the squirrel, and everybody said how talented I was and what a shame it would be if I didn't go on the stage. And there was Miss Petowker—she was before your time, too, my dear—I wonder now whether there's anybody named Petowker here? Do you think that young lady in a velvet jacket and a shirt front would be called Petowker, my love?"

"Hush, grandma! She is going to speak."

The lady in the velvet jacket put her hands in her pockets, and speaking in an Oxford voice remarked that she personally had had no experience whatever of the management of children; her literary work fully occupied her time, and publishers were so insistent that really one became so to speak a slave of the pen, to the exclusion of all else. The lady in the velvet jacket mentioned in a casual, deprecatory way the titles of her books and the names of their respective publishers, and the time she took in writing them, and having done this applied herself to the subject under discussion. Seemed to her (she said) not of course that she pretended to know anything about the subject, but it did seem to her that the management of children was all wrong. Parents should in a manner of speaking begin at the top, and before they bothered their infants with dull instruction about grammar and Froebel's nonsense, and so forth, they should endeavour to inculcate those great—so to speak—philosophical principles which govern the world, those great and mysterious truths to which a Belgian poet had most grandly referred in a quite beautiful passage the exact wording of which had for the moment escaped her. The velvet jacket lady presently found herself in a sentence which appeared to have no end and hardly it seemed needed a beginning, and Mrs. Nickleby touched her granddaughter's arm.

"But when you think, my dear," whispered Mrs. Nickleby, "what a job it is even to make children say their grace properly when they're hungry, it *does* seem rather extraordinary to talk like this. The raps over the knuckles we had to give your dear mother and uncle for saying, 'For what we have received' when they sat down to breakfast would make a saint use bad language. Not, of course, that *they* ever used—— Why another lady has started. What ones they are for talking, to be sure."

Several other members joined in the debate. All now urged that drastic reforms were required, and everyone had a separate remedy; one said that vegetarianism was the only true panacea; another urged that no child could become truly great or noble who was not persuaded of the inestimable advantages of porous clothing; another that every child should be carried or mail-carted to a series of lectures on Greek art as a foundation of future knowledge; yet another that parents should burn all fairy stories, substituting (say) Dante in the original. The members found themselves agreed only in denouncing all past and present systems.

When the debate finished, Mrs. Nickleby, rather dazed at all this, was taken over the club by her pretty granddaughter, and having sipped a cup of coffee, prepared to depart. The old lady was unusually quiet, and not even when a spectacled young woman arrested her on the staircase to ask her if she had such a thing as a match about her did she break into garrulity. It was only the old-fashioned atmosphere of the four-wheeler that induced her to speak again.

"My dear," said Mrs. Nickleby, in rather a wistful manner, "your friends seem to know a great deal about everything; at any rate they wear their hair in a very odd way. I wonder whether they're any the happier for it."

W. PETT RIDGE.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Mr. W. T. Hill, of Leighton Buzzard, has been appointed chief reporter of the *Warwickshire Advertiser*, in succession to Mr. H. E. Call.

The position of chief reporter of the *Wolverhampton Chronicle and Evening News* has been given to Mr. Wilfred S. White, of Leeds.

Mr. H. F. Harvey, of Goole, has joined the staff of the *Coventry Herald*.

On Sunday afternoon, July 3rd, the members of the Liverpool District of the Institute of Journalists, who were in the Isle of Man in connection with their quarterly business meeting, were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Hall Caine at Greeba Castle.

Mr. Caleb Rees, late of the staff of the *Liverpool Courier*, has joined the staff of the *Daily Post* (Liverpool).

The *Newspaper Owner and Manager* recently asked who was the youngest newspaper editor, and the question has elicited several replies. Among others there is the following reply from Mr. Edward V. Walker, who a short time ago undertook the control of the *Warrington Examiner*:—"I have watched with interest the contest in your columns between young editors as to who shall bear the palm for youthfulness. Without, perhaps, being considered presumptuous, I think I can lay claim to the distinction myself, as I shall not be twenty-one for six months, and I am the editor of the *Warrington and Mid-Cheshire Examiner* and its associated country newspapers." As no other reply has been received since, may we take this challenge as unanswerable?

Mr. Thomas Owen, M.P., whose tragic death evoked such widespread sympathy, was well known in the newspaper world. He purchased the *Western Daily Mercury* and the *Western Weekly Mercury* six or seven years ago, and was largely responsible for the founding of the *Western Evening Herald*. The three papers are now owned by the Western Newspaper Company, of which Mr. Owen acted as chairman. He kept the torch of Liberal journalism alive in the West of England in days of doubt and difficulty. Happily he lived to see the fruition of his labours and a justification of his faith. The fact that Liberal daily journalism in the West is so successful and abundant in vitality to-day is primarily due to Mr. Thomas Owen. At the funeral the directors and staff of the *Western Daily Mercury* were represented by the editor—Mr. Harry Jones.

The marriage of Mr. Lionel Gowing, of the *Graphic*, to Miss Florence Senior, the only child of Mr. William Senior, of the *Daily News*, was the occasion of great festivity in journalistic circles. The bridegroom's father, Mr. Richard Gowing, is well known as the secretary of the Cobden Club.

A change is about to be made in the editorship of the *Morning*. Mr. David Christie Murray has accepted the position, and will enter upon his duties early this month (August). He will contribute a number of signed articles. The policy of the *Morning* in future is to be strongly Imperialistic.

Among the latest additions to the membership of the Whitefriars Club is Mr. Arthur Spurgeon, the well-known literary manager of the National Press Agency, whose head-quarters are at Whitefriars House in Carmelite Street. With such environment it is fitting that Mr. Spurgeon should become a "friar." He was nominated by Friar Hall Caine and seconded by Friar Aaron Watson, of the *Newcastle Daily Leader*.

Several changes have just occurred in Manchester. Amongst the most notable is the addition of Mr. W. B. Tracy to the editorial staff of the *Manchester City News*. Mr. Tracy has rejoined journalism, after holding a position in the secretary's department of the Manchester Ship Canal Company for eleven years. His association with this undertaking was one of sincere personal interest as well as business. As chief of the intelligence department he accompanied most of the principal visitors to the Canal. He has been its historian, having written upwards of 150 accounts of its purpose and progress. These have been published in various forms, both in England and abroad. The paper he read to the Manchester Geographical Society is the most complete record that has been put before the public. Mr. Tracey had twelve years' experience in London amongst books and papers. During this time about 200 books passed through his hands in manuscript and proof. For several years he was secretary for the *Fortnightly Review*, and he enjoyed the friendly regard of George Henry Lewes, Thomas Carlyle, Mrs. Carlyle, Anthony Trollope, Archibald Forbes, Ashton Dilke, George Meredith, John Forster, J. A. Piston, Hain Friswell, T. T. Lynch, and Dr. Allon, with most of whom he had correspondence.

Other changes include the transference of Mr. J. J. Fergusson (President of the Manchester Press Club) from the *City News* to the *Evening News*, where he is now sub-editing. Mr. J. Panton has left the *City News* to take the position of a sub-editor on the *Evening Mail*. Mr. Hodgson and Mr. E. Flint have joined the reporting staff of the *Manchester Courier*, to which Mr. Wilson (Leicester) has also been appointed. Mr. Patterson (Middlesbrough) has received the appointment of chief sub-editor of the *Evening Chronicle*. Mr. Clarke, who has been doing journalistic work in Paris, has joined the literary staff of that journal.

Mr. M. T. Ferguson, M.A., ex-chief sub-editor of the *Yorkshire Herald*, who has just joined the staff of the London *Daily Mail*, was the recipient of farewell gifts from his colleagues on the literary staff of the *Herald* prior to leaving York. Mr. E. Taylor, chief reporter, in making the presentation, said that Mr. Ferguson had served for nine years on the staff, and his colleagues had not only learned to admire him for his abilities, but to esteem him for his kindliness and good nature. Mr. Ferguson acknowledged the presentation in appropriate terms. The gifts consisted of a gold signet ring with seal, monogram, and inscription as follows: "M. T. Ferguson, from his colleagues, *Yorkshire Herald*, July, 1898," also a silver cigarette case and gold-mounted silver vesta box, each with monogram inscribed.

The entire staff of the National Press Agency were entertained at dinner on July 16th by the directors, to celebrate the silver anniversary of the Agency's formation. The chair was taken by Mr. Arthur Spurgeon, literary manager, supported by Mr. John Reburn, commercial manager, Mr. E. Goadby, chief leader-writer, and other members of the literary and commercial staffs. The vice chair was occupied by Mr. A. Priest, the overseer of the printing department. About one hundred persons sat down to dinner. Several contributors were prevented from attending, including Mr. L. F. Austin, Mr. Richard Gowing, Mr. F. P. Stevenson, and Mr. E. G. Harmer; the last-named wired his congratulations from St. Petersburg, where he was spending his holiday. The toast of the National Press Agency was proposed by Mr. Osborne, the "Father of the Chapel," special reference being made to the very pleasant relations existing between employers and employed at Whitefriars House. The Chairman, who was greeted with musical honours, responded in an interesting speech. Mr. Reburn gave the toast of the overseers. He was glad to say that as a result of his recent visit to America he had been able to arrange for a considerable extension of operations of the Agency on the other side of the Atlantic. At home the business was in a flourishing condition.

The quarterly meeting of the Bristol District of the Institute of Journalists and the annual picnic of the Gloucestershire Sub-District were held at Speech House last month. At the conclusion of a short business meeting, at which delegates to conference were elected and reference was made to the Provident Fund, the party sat down to lunch at the Speech House. Mr. J. Merrin (Gloucester), president of the sub-district, occupied the chair, and others present included Mr. Harry Harmer (Bristol), president of the district; Mr. George Norman, Mr. J. Sawyer, Mr. H. E. Branch, and Mr. C. H. Smith (Cheltenham), Mr. F. Moore (Tewkesbury), Mr. G. H. Harmer and Mr. W. S. Harmer (Cirencester), Mr. H. G. Chance and Mr. P. Francillon (Gloucester), Mr. W. Thompson (Stroud), Mr. Charles Wells, Mr. Frank Burrow, Mr. E. J. Shellard, Mr. J. P. Tay, hon. secretary of the district, and Mr. F. M. Lyne (Bristol).

Mr. A. Turner Brown, of the *Devon and Exeter Gazette*, has been appointed senior sub-editor of the *York Herald*, in succession to Mr. Ferguson, who has joined the staff of the *Daily Mail*.

Mr. Charles Matthews, of the *Western Times*, Exeter, is about to sever a very long connection with journalism in the city. The Devon and Cornwall district of the Institute of Journalists passed the following resolution on July 16th: "That this meeting has heard with regret of the approaching departure of Mr. Charles Matthews from Exeter, and desires to express its high opinion of his twenty-seven years' work as a journalist, and its hearty appreciation of his conduct as a colleague."

Two pressmen who were for some years associated with West of England journalism have recently died abroad. Mr. Maurice Windus, late of Torquay, has died at Colombo, and Mr. H. J. Tennant, a well-known journalist who was connected with the *Western Morning News* and had been in Japan for some years, died at Yokohama.

In connection with the Institute of Journalists Conference at Nottingham next month, the proprietors of the *Nottingham Daily Guardian* (Messrs. T. Forman and Sons) have expressed a desire to invite the members to a garden party at Wilford House, the residence of Mr. J. T. Forman, J.P., the senior member of the firm.

SCOTLAND.

The *Scots Pictorial* is in a transition stage at present. Mr. J. A. W. Oliver, who has edited the paper since it was started about a year and a half ago, has intimated his desire to retire, and the syndicate owning the organ is endeavouring to secure a suitable successor in the editorial chair.

The death has taken place at Ayr of Mr. Allan H. Gibson, of the *Ayr Observer*. Mr. Gibson, who had charge of the sub-editing and the chief reporting of the *Observer*, was a well-known pressman in the West of Scotland. He was about fifty years of age.

The death is announced of Mr. William Docherty, editor of the *Caithness Courier*, at the age of seventy years. A native of Dunfermline, Mr. Docherty was at one time headmaster of the principal school at Thurso, and he left the teaching profession to take up the editorship of the *Caithness Courier*.

IRELAND.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Angus Mackay, of the *Irish Times*, which took place in Dublin on 12th July. Mr. Mackay, who was about thirty-six years of age, was a highly respected pressman, and his colleagues on the Irish Press sincerely regret his untimely death. He had been for the past twelve months the Dublin correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*.

WALES.

Mr. J. A. Beed, for many years editor of the *Pembroke Dock Gazette*, died on the 11th inst. after a brief illness.

The *Penrith Times* has taken the place of the *Penrith Advertiser*, and is to advocate Conservative politics in Westmoreland and Cumberland.

ISLE OF MAN.

Mr. Frederick Frost, who for about ten years was a member of the *Isle of Man Times* staff, has joined the *Kent Times and Chronicle*, and will fill a responsible position in the editorial department.

NEW BOOKS.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN'S LITERARY STUDIES.*

In one of Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Studies of a Biographer," he emphasises the fact that the patron has now gone from among us, that those of us who earn a more or less precarious livelihood in literature and in journalism can no longer rely on the practical assistance of the wealthy. It is very doubtful whether this position can be substantiated. The patron is probably as much in evidence to-day as he ever was. He does not subscribe ten guineas for this book and five guineas for that, and he does not as heretofore have, as his reward, his name immortalised among a number of others in the opening pages of a delightful quarto, but he invites Mr. Smith to dinner, Mr. Jones to a country-house party, while Mr. Brown may be heard to declare that he has been angling or shooting with Lord Dash in the north. Of course both Smith, Jones, and Brown fully believe that they are conferring a benefit, but not seldom have we observed certain indications that in the eyes of Lord Dash—and still more in the eyes of Lady Dash—it is unaffected patronage that has secured these gentlemen their invitations. It is not a matter to be shuddered over. I am not sure that it is really worse than the old twenty-guinea subscription and the dedication. But then, I do not think there was anything very much amiss with those old-world subscriptions and dedications. Whether, however, the patron be extinct or not in the world of letters, it is perfectly certain that birth and early environment do much to make a successful writer. Mr. Leslie Stephen is the son of Sir James Stephen and the brother of a judge. He was educated at Eton, and he married one of Thackeray's daughters. All these things must have largely helped to secure him the position that is now generally assigned to him as one of our most distinguished men of letters. A student who approached his work without any previous information would quite fail to understand that a book like the "Life of Henry Fawcett," or even the miscellaneous essays that make up the "Hours in a Library," should have enabled any man to attain so prominent a position.

"Indisputably the first of living English critics," says the usually astute writer on books in *Truth*. "Who is there at the present day now writing in English who is capable of such acute, learned, serious, witty, responsible criticism as that contained in these two volumes?" says Mr. Arthur Symons in the *Saturday Review*. Assuredly, however, a student of letters who approached Mr. Stephen for the first time through these biographical studies would be in a still greater degree entitled to express bewilderment. The style is scarcely entrancing, imagination and intuition are altogether wanting. There is an immense mass of concrete knowledge, but the accumulation of a mass of knowledge of this kind, thrown together in this way, does not make a great man of letters. Mr. Stephen, however, it is fair to say, has written at least one striking book. His "History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century" does all that is required. Formerly a clergyman, he has carried from the Church of England into the regions of independent controversy, much keen thought and much useful analysis of opinion, but here are surely not the makings of a great literary critic. One's ideal critic will surely bring to a book not only great learning, but certain intuitions, not a little imagination, and above all a style. Mr. Leslie Stephen has not a suspicion of a style. He says a man's manners "might still be 'improvable,'" that Gibbon's "delicacy" interfered with his boxing and cricket, when he means Gibbon's "delicate health." And more than once his grammar is uncertain, as when he tells us that "*The Review*, or *Observator*, or *Rehearsal* were simply the personal utterances of Defoe, Tutchin, and Leslie." These are not points for undue emphasis were it not that Mr. Stephen has been made the subject of so much eulogy. One may hear Alcibiades called "the just" too often.

The essays before me chatter pleasantly on many themes. I am delighted with each in turn, although I decline to call it good criticism. As one of the many who have found the "Dictionary of National Biography" unfailingly interesting, and Mr. Stephen's biographies therein not the least valuable, I am interested in his article on that Dictionary of which he was the first editor. But amid much chatty anecdote I find no point of view and no really serious attempt to settle the much vexed question as to the place of minor people in a dictionary of biography. Why should Scott have twenty-five pages assigned to him, and Alexander Harris, whose writings Charlotte Brontë found so fascinating, not a single line? Why should Mr. Lee devote fifty pages to Shakespeare, while a certain historic Lord Mayor of London in whom I am interested is refused mention by the exigent editor? I know where to go to for information on Scott and Shakespeare, although fresh monographs from Mr. Stephen and Mr. Lee are welcome in book form. But in a dictionary of reference everyone who has "done anything" is entitled to a place—at any rate that is a possible view, and Mr. Stephen might have debated the point. The second, that study on the "Evolution of Editors," is equally inconsequential. The admission that Amiel and Obermann do not interest him, that the Oxford movement, so interesting to most of us, whatever our beliefs, was an "absurd phenomenon," would alone explain that on Matthew Arnold he has really nothing to say, and he is not even bibliographically accurate. It is not true that "Geist's Grave" was Arnold's last poem. There were at least fifteen poems printed in various places after that had appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* of 1881, and had been privately printed for friends in the same year. Still less is it true that Arnold "devoted his last writings" to "criticism of religion." "Literature and Dogma" appeared in 1873, "God and the Bible" in 1875, and Last Essays on Church and Religion in 1877, while "Mixed Essays," "Discourses on America," and many another book dealing with politics, education, and literary criticism came from him in succeeding years.

The two most attractive subjects in Mr. Stephen's two volumes—those concerning which the public has least information – are "The Story of Scott's Ruin" and "The Importation

* "Studies of a Biographer." By Leslie Stephen. 2 vols. (Duckworth and Co.)

of German." These essays give Mr. Stephen opportunities of which, it seems to me, he but inadequately avails himself. The ruin of Scott in his business relations, first with the Ballantynes and afterwards with the Constables, has one aspect when told by Lockhart, and quite another when told by the other partners to the disaster. Although Mr. Stephen writes a long essay on the subject, he does not once specifically refer to the early printed material against Lockhart, the "*Refutation of the Misstatements and Calumnies contained in Mr. Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., respecting the Messrs. Ballantyne, by the trustees and son of the late Mr. James Ballantyne.*" This book was published by Longman in 1838. Lockhart replied with a "Letter to Sir Adam Fergusson," bearing the not very dignified title, "The Ballantyne Humbug Handled." To this the Ballantynes replied. Yet more important than the Ballantyne-Lockhart controversy was that with the Constables, an account of which may be found in the third volume of "Archibald Constable and his Literary Contemporaries," a memorial by his son, Thomas Constable. This book gave the story of Scott's relations with Constable from letters and documents. but that it would be possible to furnish forth a yet more vivid presentation of Constable's side of the question was the opinion of the late Mr. Dykes Campbell. Mr. Campbell had contemplated a biography of Constable which should have been also a vindication, but an untimely death cut short his efforts. He had, however, collected together a great mass of material, which material has been seen, I understand, by Mr. Leslie Stephen. It is difficult to realise this in face of Mr. Stephen's incoherent account of the causes of Scott's ruin. Mr. Campbell had come to the conclusion —an opposite one to that of Mr. Lang—that Scott was primarily to blame, and not Constable, and this indeed seems much clearer from the documents than Mr. Stephen concedes. Mr. Campbell, it may be added, was of opinion that Scott's enormous expenditure could only be accounted for by some unacknowledged leakage. Certainly the modest estate of Abbotsford and the not less modest residence do not explain so large an outlay. My complaint against Mr. Stephen here is that he gives us no clear picture of the ruin of Scott, but a mass of undigested facts. More distinctly is this the case with his essay on "The Importation of German," which is based upon a little German book by George Herzfeld. The hero is William Taylor of Norwich, whose book Carlyle reviewed. Mr. Stephen had here a chance, which would have rejoiced the heart of many a writer, of presenting literary Norwich of the beginning of the century—the Norwich of Bishop Stanley, of the Martineaus, the Taylors, and the Gurneys. For this there is abundant material, although Mr. Prothero's ponderous "Life and Letters of Dean Stanley" gives no help. I object, then, to Mr. Leslie Stephen's volumes not because they lack interest —they are undoubtedly interesting—but because they fall short of the good and sound criticism that has been claimed for them, because they lack the gift of picturesque presentation and, above all, the gift of ideas.

CLEMENT SHORTER.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN.
From a Photograph taken by Miss Richmond Ritchie.

CROMWELL'S SCOTCH CAMPAIGNS.*

In this careful study of the long-neglected details of these campaigns, Mr. Douglas has shown anew that, up to the eve of Dunbar, Leslie with his cautious tactics was more than a match for Cromwell; and that, even after that great rout of the Scots, the conqueror's task was no simple one. Had a sketch map been furnished, it would have been much easier for those who are not thoroughly familiar with the district to follow Mr. Douglas's tracing and localising of the rather intricate movements and counter-movements which preceded Dunbar. In that part and also in the remainder of the volume, which is devoted to the events of the eleven succeeding months, Mr. Douglas has manfully tackled many obscure historical points.

He is, of course, unable to settle satisfactorily all the questions he raises—as, for example, the exact point at which Leslie crossed the Tay in October, 1650. Balfour's narrative is not explicit on the matter, but the natural inference from it is that this was done at Perth. Mr. Douglas, however, having shown that the passage was accomplished by boats and not by a bridge, supposes that it could not have been there, and then says: "One must conclude, therefore, that he had got together the bulk of his force in Fife, mustered them somewhere in the north-east of that promontory, and embarked them in ferry-boats, squadron by squadron, for the truly 'dangerous' passage through the currents and shifting banks now spanned by the Tay Bridge." This is rather too much to raise on such a slender basis, especially as it is well known that the bridge at Perth had been swept away by an October spate twenty-nine years before, and was not rebuilt until many years later. In a note Mr. Douglas owns that "on further investigation it appears that in those days there was no bridge over the Tay at Perth, and therefore it is possible that David Leslie 'boated over' his troops *via* Moncreiffe Island."

Occasionally he also fails to clear up difficulties even when his language is most emphatic, and when his tone is that of absolute certainty. For example, he charges Johnston of Wariston with "scoundrelly behaviour" in connection with the surrender of Blackness on the 1st of April, 1651. "The Scots," he says, "had told off a force from Stirling large enough to march to Blackness, despite Linlithgow—perhaps over the bodies of that garrison, so to speak—and thus to give them some hopes of raising the siege of the Castle. Johnston warned the English of the design in ample time to enable them to frustrate it." This is bad enough, but Mr. Douglas also says, "We have the clearest possible proof that he did so." Yet in a note even at the risk of spoiling what he calls "a pet passage," he admits that "there is just a possibility of another Johnston's having been the culprit in the matter here laid to Wariston's charge." If there is the slightest possibility that the culprit was another Johnston, how, it may be asked, can

* "Cromwell's Scotch Campaigns, 1650-51." By W. S. Douglas. 10s. 6d. (Elliot Stock.)

there be "the clearest possible proof" against Wariston? Had Mr. Douglas ever seen the summons issued against this other Johnston he would not have spoken of "his punishment for his *unknown* offence." Perhaps he might rather have inferred that the Major, instead of meekly responding to the summons, retaliated by giving valuable information to the invaders.

There are passages in Mr. Douglas's book which indicate that he is a Scot, but there are others which are not easily reconciled with that idea. He confounds Balfour of Kinloch with Balfour of Burleigh. He confesses his ignorance of the meaning of the word "kilns" in the phrase, "mills, kilns, and barns." He speaks of "Old Hansel Monday" in 1651, as if the Scotch could then have had both a new and an old "Hansel Monday" in one year! He inserts *sic* after the word "havermeale" in one of his quotations. Even an Englishman ought to know the import of that word, for it is to be found not only in Jamieson and Halliwell, but in Samuel Johnson.

A bibliographer would be irritated by some of Mr. Douglas's slips. On one page he speaks of the "Letters from Roundhead Officers" as a publication of the Scottish History Society; on another page he describes it as a "Bannatyne Club Publication"; and on still another he says that these letters were "published two and a half centuries" after they were written. A record scholar might criticise him adversely because in some of his quotations the spelling is entirely modernised, while in others the old spelling is rigidly adhered to, down even to a contraction mark. Occasionally he seems to expect that his trivial expressions should be remembered by the reader, while in matters of more consequence he sometimes ignores explanations he had previously made. He has, however, striven after a stubborn uniformity by persistently inserting in his sentences useless clauses and unnecessary allusions. Had these been remorselessly suppressed, his book—which has evidently cost him much time, trouble, and cogitation—would have been considerably shorter and vastly more intelligible.

D. HAY FLEMING.

HAMLET IN ICELAND.*

The story of Hamlet in Saxo Grammaticus (Elton's translation, p. 106, sqq.) is worth reading, even apart from its shadowy anticipations of Shakespeare. These, no doubt, are its chief interest; for modern readers it is a kind of barbarian puppet show, in which Shakespeare's play is travestied, though it was "born before his time." Its Polonius is Danish, of the Middle Ages, and he hides in the queen's parlour under a heap of straw; in place of his rhetorical skill, in place of the conceits of Osric, Saxo provides his readers with some fragments of the far older tropes and figures of the early Northern traditional poetry. In Saxo it is Hamlet himself who deals most in decorated language, and it is his friends who need to be "edified by the margent." Two of his happy thoughts are specially noticed; one, which might have occurred to the author of Hudibras, of a steering-paddle cutting through the sea, compared to a knife carving a ham; the second, less grotesque, of the sand of the sea regarded as meal from the mills of the Ocean. It is this conceit that goes along with the name of Hamlet in the oldest known reference to his story, the old verse quoted in the Prose Edda, in the chapter on the poetic names for the sea. The sea, according to this authority, is Hamlet's mill, Hamlet's quern, and may be so spoken of, with the requisite variations and periphrases, by any respectable poet, by any courtly maker, in the Northern tongue.

Mr. Gollancz's book is the result of a search for the vestiges of Hamlet in the North, starting from this earliest mention of his name. Hamlet was known in the 10th century and earlier; his story was known and apparently popular in Denmark about the year 1200. It might have been hoped that some tradition of "Amleth," independent of Saxo, would declare itself somewhere in the Northern lands. Unhappily, it is not so, or only in the vaguest fashion is it so. Hamlet has been almost lost to the old Northern poetry, as known to us; he is the shadow of a name, like the hero Wade in English tradition, whose story has vanished out of memory since the days of Chaucer.

The story that is here edited by Mr. Gollancz is derived from Saxo; it is one of the innumerable Icelandic romances which have been turned out by mechanical processes and by undistinguished authors ever since the dying down of the old imaginative literature about the year 1300. The prose romance of "Ambales" is followed by something better; by specimens of the rhyming versions of the same story which have, at any rate, the grace of rhyme and rhythm, and of the sense of the value of syllables which is seldom wholly denied even to the least skilful of the poetic family of Iceland. These prose and verse examples of different kinds of later Icelandic literature may fitly find their place in the Northern Library; the editor does not make too much of their importance. His Introduction is an explanation of all that is known about Hamlet in the old records, together with a number of conjectures, by the editor himself and by other writers, as to the relations of Hamlet with other heroes and other stories, especially with "Havelock the Dane."

W. P. KER.

* "Hamlet in Iceland" (Ambales Saga.) By Israel Gollancz. Northern Library. Vol. iii. 15s. (David Nutt.)

FERDINAND BRUNETIERE.*

The battle of modern literary criticism has been hard fought in France. The issue is still undecided—if, indeed, decision be possible. Only light skirmishes take place among us, for we are too serious a people to regard such a matter save as an exercise of frivolous leisure. M. Brunetière is the sturdiest champion on one side; M. Anatole France, and M. Jules Lemaître, graceful, agile fencers, on the other. The theories, exemplified with inferior skill, of these latter, are much in vogue with us, but we have no one very nearly corresponding to M. Brunetière—though if Professor Saintsbury and Mr. Churton Collins and Dr. Barry were to be rolled into one, something remotely resembling him might be produced. He is the conservative critic, interested certainly in the literature of his own time, but coolly critical of its pretensions, its fads, its vagaries. He is the serious man, frankly concerned about the matter of books, the worth of their ideas, their influence on the world. He is the laborious investigator, the enemy of the casual, of the happy-go-lucky methods of studying literature, of judging it, of making it. He is utterly unsentimental, sternly just, according to his lights, and in a courageous way. Read, for instance, in this volume his essay on "The Philosophy of Molière." For the genius and the power of Molière he has the highest admiration. He knows all that "Tartufe" has done in the course of ages for the discouragement of hypocrites. But in "Tartufe," he declares, the great comedian was not attacking hypocrisy alone, out of love for true religion. All religion, all restraint were distasteful to this fighter for the untrammelled freedom of the soul to take its pleasure as it could, to this apostle of the rights of nature. His assertion may be wrong. It is a matter about which strict investigation of literary history can alone justify an opinion. But it illustrates the critic's temper. He does not adopt Molière's standpoint because he was a great genius; nor consciously twist that standpoint in order to admire the man all through.

M. Brunetière holds that the function of criticism is not to amuse, but to judge, compare, classify, to form a standard of taste. Serious criticism alone can "prevent the world, according to M. Renan's expression, from 'being devoured by charlatanism.' . . . It teaches the crowd that there is some difference between Ponson du Terrail and Balzac, which it is doubtless well to know, and avenges talent for the successes of mediocrity, which are humiliating some way or other to everybody." He challenges the impressionist critics, frankly tells them their air of irresponsibility is affectation, frivolity, and egotism, however charmingly disguised—in those of the second rank, incapacity and indolence as well. Criticism is certainly not science, but it should as far as possible avail itself of scientific methods. These things we have all heard before. But he makes a new and striking point when he says of the brilliant exponents of the rival method, "It is no use for them to write critiques; they all nourish in their inmost heart the secret ambition of novelist, dramatist, or poet." The personality, the subjectivity they introduce so proudly into their criticism is the stock in trade of the artist; and they use criticism "only to experiment with ideas, until they can give them a different and still more personal form."

M. Brunetière is popularly known as the enemy of many literary innovations, a chilly observer of many modern forms and methods. Perhaps he is as ready as most to appreciate the imagination and the thought of some whose manner he

* "Brunetière's Essays in French Literature." A Selection, translated by D. Nichol Smith. With a Preface by the Author, specially written for this, the Authorised English Translation. 7s. 6d. (Unwin.)

condemns. But discipline must be maintained; the genius of French literature must not be confused. His literary patriotism is staunch and austere. In the essay on "The Classic and Romantic" he combats a pretty, but, if widely applied, rather flimsy theory of M. Deschanel—that the classics are those romantics that have realised themselves, that all classics, because they had the force to become such, must have been romantics once. M. Brunetière then defines a classic, very neatly, very conveniently, but for every serious purpose, quite uselessly. All classics, he says, belong to a certain period, when the language was mature, and when the literature was independent of foreign influence, likewise when their form, dramatic, epic, or otherwise, was in all its force. For France the age of Louis XIV., and for England that of Queen Anne and George I. were the classic periods. So we too say,

From Photo by [*Prou, Paris.*

M. FERDINAND BRUNETIERE.

pedantically, till someone makes the inference, which is M. Brunetière's assertion, that no classics exist outside these periods. A definition that refuses to call Milton classic, even in his most Italianate moments, we must repudiate—though it may be that few of the later French romanticists or naturalists have so assimilated the new influences as to make good their claim. Let Frenchmen judge of that. He was on a better track when he descanted on the equilibrium of the classic, its healthiness, the harmony of its parts and functions, the matter not allowing itself to be "despoiled of the persuasive authority it should borrow from the charm of the form," and the form not "usurping an interest which should belong only to the matter." A right road this, but without precise boundaries. Certainly, however, it condemns much of modern literature to abide without the classic pale. But then M. Brunetière owns the classics must often give way in thought and originality to the outsiders.

It is to his credit that he makes a reader combative. Even our agreement must be an active acquiescence with each step of an argument, as in the first and most perfect essay in this selection, that on "The Essential Character of French Literature." Here, again, his love of definiteness is indulged slightly at the expense of completeness; but he says most of the truth, and says it admirably. He classifies the principal literatures of Europe thus—Italian is artistic, Spanish is chivalresque, German philosophic, English individualistic—"hence that *humour*, which may be defined as the expression of the pleasure which they feel in thinking only after their own way"; hence also the lyricism of English. French literature on the other hand is sociable, or social, has aimed at being read and understood. From that spring its simplicity, its lucidity, likewise its universality, since it makes no appeal to eccentricities or exceptions, but to the common interests of the social man. It has the defects of its qualities, and has "paid by its too manifest inferiority in the forms which may be called 'personal,' for its superiority in the forms which are 'common.'" But here he adds a not superfluous defence from a thoughtless charge. "Our great writers affect somewhat the men of the world, or of the court, to cloak, or rather to disguise this depth. . . . The Frenchman piques himself on speaking clearly about matters which are sometimes profound, but the German seems to glorify himself too often on stating obscurely matters which are clear." To pass for superficial rather than obscure is with the Frenchman a point of honour and breeding.

English readers owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Nichol Smith, not only for his careful translation, but for his intelligent selection of the essays which best illustrate the point of view of perhaps the ablest and best equipped of living critics.

A. M.

EURIPIDES IN ENGLISH VERSE.*

The task of rendering the whole of Euripides into English verse is one which few would have the courage to contemplate and fewer still the perseverance to complete, but that any one should achieve it without lapsing into dulness is almost incredible. Yet this is exactly what Mr. Way has succeeded in doing. Opinions may differ as to particular points in his work, but throughout—and such praise of a translation is high praise—it is eminently readable. You take up a volume and find yourself finishing a couple of plays with no sense of weariness and with a growing interest which carries you along. In spite of the old-world setting, in spite of the queer mythological surroundings, you begin to feel that the writer of these plays was a great dramatist, in whom, even after two thousand years, the pulse of human passion has in no wise ceased to beat. The result comes rather as a surprise to the ordinary reader, who either knows nothing of Euripides or remembers him as an author "read in the lower Forms" at school and made a joke of by Aristophanes, while he forgets Aristotle's description of him as "the most tragic of the poets"—Browning's phrase is "the Lord of Tears"—Philemon's wish "To hang himself to see Euripides," or Milton's famous allusion to the day when

> "the repeated air
> Of sad Electra's poet had the power
> To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare."

But then what should Aristotle, Browning, or Milton know? Has not the schoolmaster decreed that Euripides is proper food for "lower Forms"? Has not Schlegel called the identical play which saved Athens "the very vilest" of its author's compositions, while many good and virtuous persons have agreed that the author himself was "a sophist and a sceptic"?

Mr. Way's answer to such questions is simple and sufficient. *Lege et intellige:* read the poet, and "find, if you can, in his own pages a justification" for the scorn and condemnation which ignorance has heaped upon him. He in fact reinstates the reputation of Euripides, not by vain argument, but by effectively reproducing him in such a way that he may now be read and understood of all men. He makes Euripides live again and speak to us as a living man, and he brings about this result by the equal care and courage which he displays in his work. On the one hand the iambic portion of the plays is rendered into blank verse, line for line, with close fidelity; in the choric passages, on the other hand, which were never meant to be read in the study, but to be heard as they were chanted to music while the chorus moved "with woven paces and with waving hands" around the altar, he uses every resource of rhyme and metre in order to bring out their musical effect, while he also shows rare poetic insight in interpreting their meaning, so that instead of being, as they are often supposed to be, the dullest portion of the drama, they become almost the

* "Euripides in English Verse." By Arthur S. Way. 3 vols. (London: Macmillan and Co. 6s. each vol. net.)

most interesting. It is hard to select an illustration, for the general effect of a choric song cannot be given in a short quotation, but the following Antistrophe from the *Iphigeneia in Taurica* will suffice :—

"Or with pine-oars rightward and leftward flinging
The surf, and the breeze in the tackle singing
Of the sea-wain, over the surge did they sweep,
Sore-coveted wealth in their halls to heap?—
For winsome is hope unto men's undoing,
And unsatisfied ever they be with pursuing
The treasure up-piled for the which they roam
Unto alien cities o'er ridges of foam,
By a day-dream beguiled:—and one ne'er taketh
Fortune at flood, while her full tide breaketh
Unsought over some."

The translation is longer, no doubt, than the original—about two words for one—for Greek compression is beyond all except the rarest English lyrists, but it has movement, it has life, and it brings out the force and point of the Greek. In fact Mr. Way has finally disproved the common criticism that the choric passages in Euripides have nothing to do with the plot. His prose proof that the reverse is true (vol. 3, p. x. *seq.*) is a pure work of supererogation, for his translations are in themselves an absolute proof. To those who have ears to hear they make it entirely evident that the chorus is as closely akin to plot and dialogue as the music is to the words and action in a fine opera.

Mr. Way's rendering of the iambics is less brilliant, because he allows himself much less freedom, and also because good blank verse is the hardest sort of verse to write that there is. None the less there are many passages, such as the great speech of Medea (1021) beginning "O children, children," which are not only accurate translations, but noble poetry, and all through a steady excellence is maintained. The chief defect is a tendency to slip into that Wardour-street English which is the bane of translators, and such words as "fadge," "twy-flashing," "weariful" and "to-morn" are irritating, while no one would address an old man as "Ancient," and, although "home-land" is a pretty conceit for "country," such a phrase as "home-land earth's arms" is somewhat striking. Perhaps, too, Mr. Way hardly reproduces the curious oddity of his author's style enough; for example, the words

"Daughter, how manifold God's counsels are,
His ways past finding out!"

are distinctly solemn and scriptural, but in the original the phrase ὁ θεὸς ὡς ἔφυ τι ποικίλον καὶ ἐνστέκμαρτον has a certain sardonic flavour about it, and would make good respectable people just a little uneasy. There is an eccentricity about the adjective ποικίλος itself and about its use in the neuter which perhaps only Mr. Browning could reproduce. But then Mr. Browning, whether it is a merit or demerit, has a marked Euripidean style, so that for instance if any one reads such lines as

"Witness myself, looked up to among men,
Doing noteworthy deeds: *when here comes fate*
Lifts me away, like feather skyward borne,
In one day!"

the words in italics would make him put them down to Browning at once, and they are his, but they are also an absolutely literal translation of Euripides. Indeed, on the theory of transmigration of souls, one might well believe that the soul of Euripides had in these our "Tin-islands," as he calls them, become re-incarnate in Browning, whose "Balaustion's Apology" is the best possible criticism on the poet, because critic and poet are of one mind. Yet, although Mr. Way is not Browning, he is at least smoother and easier to read, less puzzling and perplexing, possibly therefore less Euripidean, but also more likely to attract general attention to his author by thus partially modifying some of his eccentricities. At least he makes clear to us what was best in him; he comes

"Gift-laden to the lonely ignorance"

which in England has hitherto prevailed with regard to a great writer, a writer who could pen such lines as these—

"Slowly on-sweepeth, but unerringly,
The might of Heaven, with sternest lessoning
For men who in their own mad fantasy
Exalt their unbelief and crown it king—
Mortals who dare belittle things divine!
Ah, but the Gods in subtle ambush wait:
On treads the foot of time; but their design
Is unrelinquished, and the ruthless fate
Quests as a sleuth-hound till it shall have tracked
The godless down in that relentless hunt.
We may not, in the heart's thought or the act,
Set us above the law of use and wont."

No fair critic can say that such lines are not true poetry. Yet they are from the *Bacchæ*, a play which probably not one reader of it in ten, in spite of long explanations, finds really intelligible. But Mr. Way is worth a host of commentators; he goes beneath the surface to the poet's heart, and, in new words and to new music, the old thoughts live again for our later age.

T. E. PAGE.

LIFE IS LIFE.*

We think there can be little doubt that this volume introduces to the reading public a new writer of extraordinary promise. The author of such a story as "Travelling Joe" is not to be numbered among the crowd. These fifteen pages are, in themselves, a claim to distinction. "Rab Vinch's Wife" and "Widder Vlint" make that claim a substantial one.

Miss Keats evidently considered that her best work was to be found in her tales of wild, lawless life in the Bush and among the miners of Australia, for she has placed these in the forefront of the volume. She was mistaken. The stories we have named above are to be found near the end of the book. In the first two hundred and fifty pages there is nothing to compare with them. It is not that the earlier tales lack power—they are painfully powerful. But there is something indefinably, subtly repulsive in their brutality. They are wanting in restraint, their pathos is the pathos of the melodrama. Everywhere the pitifulness, the cruelty of existence is exaggerated to utter blackness. We cannot believe in the humanity of the men and women of these episodes. There is something fiendish in their being. You watch from far off and shudder as at some vision of evil. But in reading the stories of Devonshire you are torn by the simplest tragedy, touched with the feeling of human weakness. You know as Dave, the drunkard and the child of drunkards, knew, that "there be zommat in me a'zide the dog." If Miss Keats will keep that philosophy of life before her she will accomplish great things. For such a philosophy is infinitely more grand, more satisfying, more suggestive than that which Miss Keats offers in the title and first stories of her book.

In the latter part of "Life is Life" there are pages of exquisite tenderness and beauty, pages that no one could read unmoved. There are pages which stand unrivalled in contemporary literature. We should like to quote some passages in support of such a statement, but no extract will do justice to these stories. Read "Travelling Joe," and we believe you will understand and share our enthusiasm.

J. E. H. W.

FENTON'S BANDELLO.†

We welcome another of Mr. Nutt's noble reprints of the Elizabethan Translators. They are a choice vintage which the wise man will lay down for his own future credit and the delight or profit of his heirs. Our modern volumes, says Mr. Bryce, will rot to dust in a thousand years; a professional expert assures me, in less than a century. But if Methuselahs are not extinct among books, methinks these be they. All is in keeping. The covers are red, and what is rare, a good red; neither of a goose-flesh asperity, nor a sticky gloss, but just that bland smoothness which caresses the reverent finger. And the print! so black, so big, so majestic, that the indelicate sallies of the old Lombard seem somehow more severely respectable than the newspaper report of an Archdeacon's Charge! And the paper! so thick that mortal ink must lose its causticity e'er it eat half way through—so tough as to defy my ivory blade, and make me long to cut my Bandello with the only weapon worthy of him, a genuine Cellini dagger We can believe that it will wear, and that Mr. Nutt's paper maker is no man of straw or wood fibre, but a devout craftsman whose righteousness is filthy rags whitened by honest soap, and not by malignant chlorine. Thus much of the body of the book; what of its soul?

These volumes are impressed with the aromatic name of Matteo Bandello. In 1554 the aged Prelate published his famous "Novelle," in some respects as good as the "Decamerone," and four times better in that there is four times

* "Life is Life, and other Tales and Episodes." By Zack. 6s. (Blackwood.)

† "Certain Tragical Discourses of Bandello." Translated by Geffraie Fenton, A.D. 1567. Reprinted with an Introduction by R. L Douglas. In two volumes. (Tudor Translations XIX. Nutt.

as much of them. Soon after appeared the hundred and twenty-five "Histoires Tragiques" of François de Belleforest, mainly borrowed from Bandello, but sadly mangled by excisions and interpolations. His tiresome classical allusions, his feeble moralising and his preciosity of diction mark the humble satellite of the "Pléiade" and of the "Marguerite des marguerites." Thirteen of these "Histoires"—all, I think, founded on Bandello—were loosely translated by Geoffrey Fenton, afterwards Elizabeth's confidential agent in Ireland, and published in 1567 under the title of "Tragicall Discourses, written oute of Frenche and Latin." And this is the book now reprinted. Fenton was a plagiarist, if not a pirate. The "Latin" is a mere blind. He simply worked on the "Histoires Tragiques." Yet nowhere, not even in his Epistle Dedicatory, can I find any reference to Belleforest, and only two to Bandello. He professes to have taken Disc. VIII. "out of Italyon" and Disc. VI. from "the Ytalian Bandell." Did he read, did he collate the "Novelle"? True, he was a linguist; he translated Guicciardini, and seems to have derived his "Golden Epistles" at first hand from the Spanish Guevara. He must at some time have looked into so popular a book. Yet nothing but careful collation of the texts would convince me that he made use of the original Italian.

Here Mr. Douglas might help us, but it is the one fault of his admirable Introduction—the common fault of enthusiastic editors—that he takes too much for granted the main bibliographical facts, which I have therefore placed in order above. One result is that hasty reviewers have been strangely gravelled, and among other delusions have fancied that Fenton's thirteen tales represent the whole of Bandello's vast work. Each "Discourse" should also have had a brief note, giving the reference to the original tale in the Italian and French versions, and stating how far it had been modified. The First seems to have been most garbled; the Fifth is perhaps the best piece of workmanship. The editor has collected much that is new about the three authors, mainly from the internal evidence of their other writings. In the case of Bandello, instead of repeating the loose statements of such writers as Tiraboschi and Mazzuchelli, he has worked upon the Bishop's "Rime" and Letters, and the biographical matter in the charming Introductions to each Novella—materials strangely neglected hitherto. The departmental archives have also supplied valuable evidence as to Bandello's episcopate at Agen, and we trust that Mr. Douglas will some day expand his materials into a complete biography. Of Belleforest he tells us all we care to know, and of Fenton's short literary career all the little that can be discovered. More valuable are the editor's criticisms, which strike me as judicious, original, and remarkably suggestive. His terse and masterly appreciation of the Renascence standpoint is perfect, save that he omits to notice that slavish idolatry of classical authorities and classical quotations, which, but for the counter-movement towards freedom, would have shackled the intellect with a chain as heavy as the proverbs of the rustic, the Aristotle of the Schoolman, or the Scripture texts of the Puritan.

Still more valuable are the twenty lines in which he signalises the effect of the Italian novelists upon the Elizabethan drama, insisting that it was no mere suggestion of plots and stories, but an inspiration of passion and imagination, kindling in our dramatists a latent fire; and, further, that an audience for the new plays was created by the universal reading of the novels. This is the simple truth. The English Shakspere could appreciate, realise, assimilate, and present with exquisite finality Romeo, Juliet, Othello, and Lady Macbeth, but he could never have invented or evolved them without the Italian inspiration. One other point. Unlike previous editors, Mr. Douglas does not exaggerate the merits of Fenton's style. In an elaborate passage he contends that he was an "euphuist before Euphues," and has all the distinctive marks of the school, even the alternate or transverse alliteration. Yet Fenton's English is very strong, very original, and very racy, and his famous "Discourses" are a perfect Thesaurus of rare and curious words and phrases.

But the extreme interest of the book lies in the three minds through which it passed. To Bandello is due its soul, its life, the engaging personality, which survives through its two metamorphoses. Strange that the most popular of the novelists should have sunk into honoured oblivion. Who reads him now? Not the Shaksperian panegyrists, *triste pecus*, who refer to him with glib familiarity; few of them seem even to have read the little "Pecorone," and of those who have, not one notices what an opportunity Shakspere missed in discarding from the "Merchant of Venice" the exquisite episode of paternal devotion. To refer to Bandello in tracing some plot to its source is not reading him. We need not be over nice about the mere *names* of the books from which Shakspere borrowed his plots; what we want to know is whence he derived their spirit. And by reading Bandello right through to the end—for his charm is cumulative—one comes to see why Shakspere's vast, receptive, assimilating, English mind expanded to the sunshine of the Italian *cinque cento*. To some of our dramatists it opened new horizons of life and thought; to others vaster heights and depths of tragic passion; to others a world of changeful form and exuberant colour. What found in Shakspere alone a kindred response was the composed, leisurely outlook upon the world, the interest concentrated on the phenomenon called Man, the keen appreciation of the tragedy and comedy of the present, the real, the actual life around us, the unfailing *bonhommie*, the sane philosophy, and above all, that superbly unconscious tolerance, and that antiseptic touch of the scientist and the physician to whom nothing is unclean, which draw instruction and innocent mirth from the very dregs and lees of humanity. Boccaccio is a marvel; but for all his precocious modernity, he is not Shaksperian. Bandello is. For, neither towering aloft nor standing apart, he represents the fine flower of the Renascence, that humane spirit of the poets, artists and sages among whom he moved an honoured and beloved equal. His very personality, so inconsistently many-sided—the respected Dominican friar; the orthodox preacher; the polished courtier; the amorous Platonist; the gay poet; the man of many experiences, whose "whole life," as he says, "had been a novella"; the fascinating talker; the kind, wise friend, welcomed at the banquets of Garda, in the conclave of scholars, and at the hearth of lonely castles, where he made love to all the virtuous ladies, old and young, played with the children, or in his little study wrote verses to Scaliger, inspired by his "brother poet," the cage bird which he so dearly loved; lastly, the venerable, the worthy, the simoniacal bishop—to us he is a mystery, a paradox, a scandal; but the creator of Beaufort and Wolsey would have understood him. And the Novels he certainly did understand. Without knowing Italian, he would imbibe their spirit, not merely from translations, but from their innumerable imitations. Anyway, be it due to direct influence, or merely to germane temperament, the gossiping Italian story-teller is curiously Shaksperian, and the great English dramatist at times strangely Bandellian.

Bandello, once so popular, has been steadily written down. The Della Cruscans scorned him for writing in his charming Lombard vernacular, called him rough, inelegant, and all else which nowadays we come to admire. Charges of indelicacy and immorality we may let pass. His prolixity is a merit; he enjoys his story and tries to make it last; and we rarely want to hurry him. He has been likened to Defoe, and perhaps we might call him a Gentleman-Defoe, but his pictures of Milanese life, the court, the convent, the palazzo, and still more, his precious glimpses into the rural castello, the cottage and the presbytery, are all from a higher plane. Castiglione survives; Bandello lives only in the loyalty of little sporadic groups of readers, the children of accident. As in my own case. Hunting in a great library, my eye was attracted by a row of volumes high up, gleaming in old Italian gilt vellum. "Bandello!—certainly lengthy—probably dull—yet one never knows." I keep him on hand a month or two, reading him properly, that is leisurely and in the right mood, and then pass him on, with a blessing, to others. And so, as I understand, the tradition ends at last in the present editor, with whose zealous labours it will take a fresh start.

For Belleforest's influence on the book, the artificial work of the later French Renascence, I have no space left, and for Fenton, who needs a whole essay, but a few lines. Very interesting he is, this double-minded man. A true son of the Renascence, he enters with gust and fervour into the Italian spirit, sometimes even heightening the colouring, and exaggerating the amorous touches. On the other hand a strict Puritan and furious Reformer, he tries by interpolations to recast the work into a moral treatise and a polemic against Polish errors and vices. Probably he was almost sincere. It is al so Italian, yet so English. So was he. So was the great, false, inscrutable Queen for whose eye it was written. So were they all. Can we ever understand them? It is a wonderful book.

Y. Y.

THE WIND IN THE TREES.*

All the wholesomeness, all the quiet joy of fields and woods, are gathered here. What we desire and dream the country should give us—peace, contentment, music, and pure mirth—and what we miss so often for lack of abandonment to beauty and delight, is realised by this singer, who is strong enough to force her moods and pictures on us as if they were our own experiences, as, indeed, they have been in happy moments of the past. It is an enviable mind that is revealed. The "wind in the trees" sings to her no sick songs, whispers of nothing terrible; the human memories it recalls have in them no bitterness and no despair. Mrs. Hinkson's country verse harks back to a blither and a simpler time. And one cannot read half a dozen pages without being convinced beyond question

MRS. TYNAN HINKSON (KATHARINE TYNAN).
From a pencil Sketch by Mr. Yeats.

that the simplicity and the joy she utters are no literary attitude, but are spontaneous and instinctive in a singer who knows the earth all the year through, in its green dress and its brown, and looks at it with no one's eyes but her own. Her art mates her themes and her humours as it has never done before. In one or two pieces it is supreme. I know no Easter hymn more perfect in form than the one here whose stanzas are all worthy of this—

> "Yea, Death, great Death is dead,
> And Life reigns in his stead;
> Cometh the Athlete
> New from dead Death's defeat."

Is there any country song blither than "The Little Red Lark," or one set to a gentler tune than "The Wood-Dove"? I would like to quote largely; but I have no room save for some verses out of "Leaves," that any poet might envy the writing of.

> "A low wind tossed the plumage all one way,
> Rippled the gold feathers, and green and gray,—
> A low wind that in moving sang one song
> All day and all night long.
>
> Sweet honey in the leafage, and cool dew,
> A roof of stars, a tent of gold and blue;
> Silence and sound at once, and dim green light,
> To turn the gold day night.
>
> Some trees hung lanterns out, and some had stars,
> Silver as Hesper, and rose-red as Mars;
> A low wind flung the lanterns low and high,—
> A low wind like a sigh.
>
> Myriads and myriads, more in number than
> The sea's sands, or its drops of water wan,
> Sang one Name in the rapture that is May;
> With faces turned one way."

Mrs. Hinkson has learned much in the good school of the old English poets. But while they are pleasantly recalled, a very different spirit suggests his kinship too, but only in his bright and healthful moods. In "Leaves," in "Drought," and a few others, there is the sure, immediate, accurate utterance, both pictorial and lyrical in effect, that one meets with and calls characteristic in Verlaine. A. M.

* "The Wind in the Trees." A Book of Country Verse. By Katharine Tynan Hinkson. 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

THE WONDERFUL CENTURY.*

This curious and remarkable book is one to be recommended to the notice of all thoughtful readers, but hardly to be discussed in detail in the pages of a literary journal. Subjects are broached in it which must be decided by science, by sociology, and by political experiment, and round which prejudice no doubt very often masquerades as opinion. Dr. Wallace's plan is seen in his division of the book into two parts, the first dealing with the successes of the century, the second with its failures. It is a wholesome plan. The average smugness with regard to modern England is neither wise nor healthy. No one is better fitted to deal with the great scientific and industrial advancement since 1800 than Dr. Wallace; and for concise and accurate accounts of these up to this date, the book must remain of permanent value. It is a matter for congratulation that this summary has been made for us by a master, and not by a mere maker of popular handbooks. As to the other part, the discussion of the failures, it is Dr. Wallace's private confession of faith. Were all who are discontented in some degree with modern progress to write of the shortcomings of the century, there would be very little agreement in the lists. We are very individual in our grumblings. This writer complains that phrenology is neglected, that hypnotism is hindered, that vaccination is enforced, that militarism is on the increase, that greedy commercialism is rampant, and that the cry of the hungry is still a reproach to the prosperous. Dr. Wallace is clear-spoken, courageous, uncompromising. When he suggests "free bread" as a remedy for starvation, he forestalls the usual objection by the frank assertion, "Better a hundred loafers than a thousand starving." We know where we are with him. He forces us to argument, and in doing so, must force some of us to think.

THE TELL EL-AMARNA LETTERS.†

A systematic classification of the Tell-el-Amarna Letters appeared in the second volume of Professor W. M. Flinders Petrie's History of Egypt in 1896. At that time our knowledge of the contents of the tablets was almost entirely limited to those in the British Museum, translations of which appeared from time to time in "Records of the Past," "Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology," and in the volume, "The Tell-el-Amarna Tablets," published by the trustees of the British Museum. The recent publication by H. Winkler of the translation of the Tablets in the Berlin Museum (a collection second only in number and value to that in the British Museum), has added very materially to our knowledge. "Syria and Egypt: From the Tell-el-Amarna Letters" is a revised edition of the professor's former classification, enlarged by the additional information from Berlin, and is an epitome of the entire series of the Tablets found in the ruined palace of Amenhotep IV. in 1887.

To the student of the Bible and of ancient history it will prove a valuable handbook, imparting the greatest amount of information in the most concise form; each summary of a letter is numbered, arranged in chronological order, and bears reference to where the full translation is to be found. The introduction gives an account of the discovery of the Tablets, etc., and describes the extent and condition of the Egyptian Empire in the sixteenth century B.C, when Thothmes III. invaded Syria

* "The Wonderful Century; its Successes and Failures." By Alfred Russel Wallace. 7s. 6d. (Swan Sonnenschein)

† "Syria and Egypt." From the Tell-el-Amarna Letters. W. M. Flinders Petrie. 2s. 6d. (Methuen.)

and other countries of Asia, and made those conquests of which such extensive records are to be found in the temple of Amen Ra at Karnac, where the names of the cities captured and of the countries made tributary are given in detail. There exist also other records, the representations of the Fauna and Flora of the invaded regions, which are most artistically sculptured upon a portion of the wall of his palace.

The Letters commence during the reign of Amen-hotep III., a bold, courageous lion-hunter, the third monarch in succession to Thothmes III., and they continue during the reign of Amen-hotep IV. They show distinctly a decadence of Egyptian influence, followed by disaffection, and as time goes on by the revolt of the subject tribes; the war extends until all the territories that the Egyptians had gained in Asia are lost by them. Professor Petrie has arranged the Letters in three classes—(1) Letters of the Peace, (2) The North Syrian War, and (3) The South Syrian War. In Class I. 106 letters are referred to, in Class II. 119, and in Class III. 42, making 267 in all. It is very interesting to see how the various tribes—the Khita, Khibiri, etc., etc.—gradually drove back the garrisons of the Egyptians, whose officers wrote these letters to their sovereign, reporting the disaffection of the people, and their fears of revolution, and appealing for help, which appears never to have been sent to them.

When Thothmes III. invaded Syria the Amorites were found in the Valley of the Orontes, but when the Israelites invaded Palestine the Amorites had advanced to the most southern borders of the land. Joshua describes the capture of the Amorite kings of Jerusalem, Hebron, Jarmuth, Lachish, and Eglon in a cave at Makkedah. Professor Petrie remarks with regard to this Amorite migration: "Here there is a continuous advance, and this is of value as bearing upon the date of the Hebrew invasion. Had it been anywhere before Ramessu II., we ought not to find Amorites so far south, for there is not a single mention of the Amurri, or of their chiefs, Abdishirta, or Aziru, in the whole of the Letters from Palestine, though they are the main factors in the North Syrian letters. We must therefore place all the accounts of the Hebrew conquest as after these letters and after the war of Ramessu II., at, in fact, the latest stage of the Amorite movement southwards." The iniquity of the Amorites was full (Gen. xv. 16) apparently when the forty years' wanderings of the Israelites in the wilderness had been completed, and they entered upon the conquest of the Promised Land.

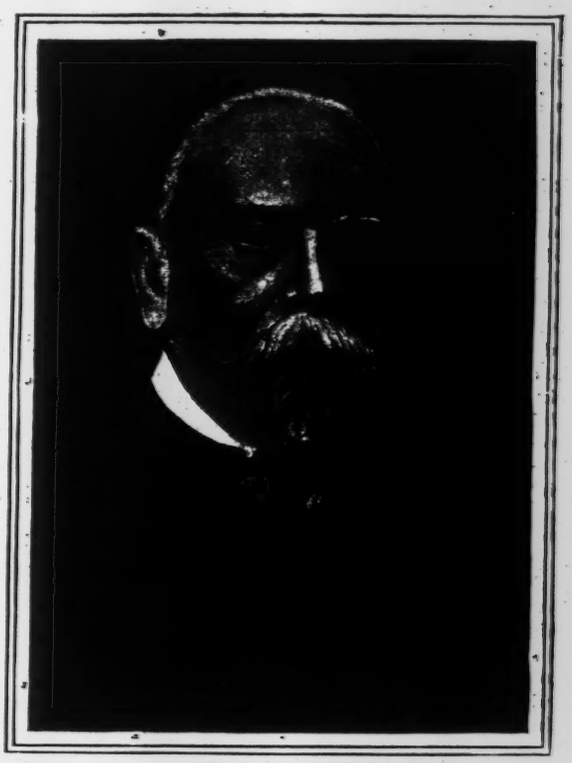
The history of the North and South Syrian wars is followed by a series of biographical outlines, and index of persons mentioned in the Letters, and by a list of places, with identification of sites. Out of 150 places mentioned in the Letters 100 can be fixed with more or less certainty, and many others might also be identified. "When nearly all the most important places might be named in cuneiform to the modern peasant, it needs no further proof that ancient names may be safely sought for in the modern map." It would add greatly to the value of the book if the outline map, "Syria under Amen-hotep IV.," given in vol. 2 of the History of Egypt were added in any future edition; it would render the study of the North and South Syrian wars additionally interesting by enabling the reader to trace the position of the places alluded to in the Letters.

J. POLLARD.

UNFORESEEN TENDENCIES OF DEMOCRACY.*

The cure for some part of the melancholy which is sure to be engendered by reading Mr. Godkin's able and fair-minded book, is to be found in the Introduction. The most striking statements there go to prove that democracy has not done what it was expected to do, that, as the representative of a huge and little known force, it is still sure to do the unexpected. As hopes have been belied, so may fears be. Mr. Godkin does not write as an anti-democrat, only as a man careful of the honour of the morrow and alive to the perils of to-day. He writes, too, for America. It is open to us to take comfort in the thought that certain doubtful and lamentable tendencies are hardly visible as yet amongst us. On the whole it is, inferentially, a eulogium of our British version of democracy. "The dominance of the executive in the legislative body"—otherwise our Cabinet system—he holds to be the one great and enviable safeguard to a modern commonwealth. Some evils for which he grieves are as yet known only to us through Mr. Bryce's explanations of the workings of the American political machine. Our caucuses are not even a faint reflection of the Nominating System. Representation and administration are as yet clearly distinct even in the least educated minds. Our good men still find an honourable career in politics.

But in certain portions we feel he is speaking to the world as well as to his own country; and if he points to dangers the existence of which we deny amongst ourselves, he is giving a useful counsel to incessant watchfulness. The state of fusion in which he describes America to be, where there are no distinctly defined characters, no more "moral or intellectual moulds," we recognise in our more sophisticated circles, and it is already making itself felt to the confusion of our politics. It is almost impossible nowadays to get a clear answer to an inquiry made of the mass of voters. Elections give but rough and ready responses; too many influences and agencies are acting on them. Newspapers are neither serious enough nor pure enough to voice any section of American opinion; and if we pride ourselves on our superiority here, we know that our struggle for a clean press will one day be greater



MR. E. L. GODKIN.

than was our struggle for a free one. There is among us no such hunt for places as shows a disregard for special fitness in fulfilling public duties. Mr. Godkin tells of the man who was ordered by the boss to resign his seat in Congress and to become a city treasurer. (This reminds one of the fate of the sports editor, whom his chief found fault with. "That fool Jones knows nothing of cricket; but what is one to do? he has a wife and five children." "Oh, put him on the Art," said a colleague.) But the docile Congressman and the Massachusetts farmer, who was made a member of the legislature because he had lost some cows by lightning, seem in our eyes to have had oligarchic rather than democratic luck. Yet we, too, must face the possible reign of the amateur, even in this age of specialisation. The great self-confidence of a *large* democracy has not yet been sufficiently considered. It will not take lessons easily; and it may be ignorant how many of its experiments have been tried before and failed. Indeed, the distrust of past experience is not unjustifiable, for if human nature remain the same, the demands on its faculties are now infinitely more numerous and various and complicated than they ever were before. It is a new world, and if the complication increases, there is a danger that only the self-assured amateur will care to meddle with its governing.

In discussing the reasons for the decay of political interest, Mr. Godkin has many suggestive things to say. But is he right in his doleful conclusion about the increased incapacity for

* "Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy." By E. L. Godkin. 6s. net. (Constable.)

continuous attention? The provision of snippets of news, "mainly about people," is no doubt a perilous temptation; but those who find these touch their utmost effort in concentration, are they not, prosperous and even schooled as they may be, the sons and daughters of such as would have found the snippet of news almost too much a tax on their intelligence unless it related to their own trade or parish? The capacity for continuous attention in the mass of people has not been lost: it is not yet evolved. But when he declares the modern world to be "moulded as never before by economic rather than religious, or moral, or political considerations," there can be no dissentient. It is now "governed mainly by ideas about the distribution of commodities." "The legislation which excites most attention is apt to be legislation which in some way promises an increase of physical comfort." Every question nowadays comes round to money and its value. This is only indirectly an effect of democracy. The untrammelled human creature has made much wealth out of his free energy. When oligarchies became suddenly rich, they grew demoralised. The temptations and opportunities are now more widespread. Our middle-classes are becoming debauched and materialised. But when they have rioted and revelled, will they rise out of their vulgarity and look for a better ideal than surpassing their neighbours in ostentation? It is human nature that is on its trial and not any form of government.

PERUGIA.*

It is strange that until yesterday no English account of the history of Perugia had been written, for no other Italian town has a story more dramatic, more full of tragic interest than hers. We had, it is true, Mr. Symonds' brilliant essay, but that only deals with one short period in the city's annals. There are, too, in Mr. Dennis' great work some admirable chapters on Etruscan Perugia. But Miss Margaret Symonds and Miss Duff Gordon are the first to tell in English the whole of the story of "the empress of hill-set Italian cities." They have done their work well, and every future English-speaking pilgrim to Umbria should not fail to take this attractive little volume in his pocket.

The historical portion of the book could scarcely be better. Whilst it contains the results of a good deal of research in a very small compass, it never degenerates into a mere dull catalogue of facts. Unlike so many writers of short historical monographs of this kind, its authoresses have a fine sense of historical perspective, and know how to tell a story. The selections, too, that they give from the Perugian chroniclers, Frolliere and Ciatti, Fabretti and Matarazzo, are happily chosen and gracefully translated. Perugia was singularly fortunate in its chroniclers; and Miss Symonds and Miss Duff Gordon are wise in quoting them freely.

Those later portions of the book which deal with the works of the Umbrian artists are not quite equal in quality to the early historical chapters, though even here it never sinks to the level of the ordinary guide-book. Its writers frankly admit that they have dealt with the art of Umbria "from the point of view of sentiment rather than that of criticism." But nevertheless, in a book of this kind, we look for something more than vague enthusiasm in the presence of great masterpieces. We expect to be told, with sufficient clearness, what it is in the productions even of the feebler Umbrian painters, that makes those who are most repelled by their stereotyped sentimentality, experience, nevertheless, keen pleasure in the contemplation of their works. Of their marvellous feeling for landscape, of their unfailing sense of ærial perspective, little or nothing is said; although we are bidden pertinently enough to "learn by heart the Umbrian landscape" if we wish "to understand Umbrian art." Except, too, in an obscure footnote, no mention at all is made of the important part played by Florentine artists in the development of the Umbrian school. Not a word is said of Benozzo Gozzoli's influence upon Niccolò da Foligno. Not a word is said of the influence of Gozzoli and Antonio Pollaiuolo on Fiorenzo di Lorenzo. Thus is slurred over a most important fact in the history of the art of Umbria.

The enthusiasm and sincerity of the writers is contagious. They have within them the point of honour, and have cleared their minds of aesthetic cant. They are singularly susceptible to impressions of beauty, though they cannot always analyse them, or explain their sources. Indeed, very few good things escape their notice. But here and there the glamours of youth, and of an Italian spring, have marred their judgment. They set, for instance, far too high a value on the work of Ottaviano Nelli and Giannicolo Manni, and on Melanzio's frescoes at Montefalco. But I readily condone any exaggeration of Melanzio's merits on the part of one who visited Montefalco for the first time on a sunny afternoon in May.

Notwithstanding these few shortcomings, this historical guide-book is one of the best of its kind. The authoresses and the illustrator, the printer and the publisher have all done their share in making an attractive and useful book. If succeeding contributors to this series maintain the high standard set them by Miss Margaret Symonds and Miss Duff Gordon, these books on "Mediaeval Towns" ought to have a wide success.

R. L. DOUGLAS.

* "Mediaeval Towns." "The Story of Perugia." By Margaret Symonds and Lina Duff Gordon. (J. M. Dent and Co.)

"CYRANO" IN ENGLISH.*

A translation of "Cyrano de Bergerac" was inevitable. All the world has been eager to read, and M. Rostand's French is difficult. But we may say at once that nobody who has only read the translation knows "Cyrano." What we have here is merely an excellent guide to enable the non-literary playgoer to follow a somewhat puzzling and involved plot. The English rendering of the play has little or no permanent literary value. Presumably it has been prepared with a view to the need of the hour, and that need it serves, and serves well. But it can never stand as an adequate representation of M. Rostand's work. "Cyrano de Bergerac" is a poem. It has power and passion, as well as grace and subtlety. It is humorous, it is pathetic, it is inspiring. And in its whole texture and idea it is emphatically and characteristically French. Therefore it will not translate into English, and the two ladies who have devoted themselves to the task have attempted the impossible. They have tried various metres—and no metre—but in vain. English blank verse has not the ring of the French Alexandrine. The heroic couplet is worse. Plain prose is, at best, an honest confession of defeat. Yet a translation was necessary, and there was nothing for it but to make the best of a bad business.

From Photo by] M. EDMOND ROSTAND. *[Nadar, Paris.*

* "Cyrano de Bergerac." By Edmond Rostand. Translated from the French by Gladys Thomas and Mary F. Guillemard. 5s. (Wm. Heinemann.)

On the whole, perhaps, they have made the best, or nearly the best, of it. Certainly they have succeeded well in finding clever renderings for the French *jeux de mots*. Here is an illustration. An insolent musketeer is speaking :—

"Qu'est-ce que cela sent ici?
CYRANO (*le soufflétant*).—La giroflée."

The retort is rendered "clove heads," which is even a better pun than the original.

The version of Cyrano's famous speech, "Ce sont les cadets de Gascogne," etc., shows the same happy knack of preserving the play on words. "Pink-your-Doublet and Slit-your-Trunk" is capital for "Perce-Bedaine et Casse-Trogne." And there are many other examples of this felicity in witty phrasing.

In respect of poetry, however, the translation fails most completely. Surely the beauty of the exquisite French verse need not have been quite so utterly lost. The English is dull where the original is sparkling, cold where the other is tender, clumsy where it is graceful. Take this. Cyrano, listening to the shepherd's flute, speaks of

"Ces airs dont la musique a l'air d'être en patois."
"Their music strikes the ear like Gascon *patois*,"

say the translators, Anglicising without a shudder the vowel quantity of the last word; and the charm is gone.

It would be easy to multiply instances of failure, but ungenerous, considering the difficulties in the way of success. Let us rather conclude by pointing out a notable instance of felicity and grace. Curiously enough, it is just in the field where the translators have all through signally failed, that in one isolated instance they have most strikingly succeeded. One of the most exquisite passages in the play and most difficult to translate satisfactorily—

"—— et, ce soir, quand j'entrerai chez Dieu
Mon salut balaiera largement le seuil bleu,"

is beautifully rendered—

"—— and when to-night
I enter Christ's fair courts and, lowly bowed,
Sweep with doffed casque the heaven's threshold blue."

PROBLEMS OF MODERN INDUSTRY.*

This collection of essays, reprinted from periodicals, to which they have been contributed at intervals during the last ten years, form a body of information and suggestion for the ordinary citizen on industrial matters. In character the book is much more popular than the same authors' "Industrial Democracy," published about six months ago. Some of the essays were written in years when public opinion was not so advanced as it is now, and the more elementary explanations, as well as the picturesqueness of Mrs. Webb's "Diary of an Investigator" and her paper on "The Jews of East London," make it more suitable, as introduction to the important subjects dealt with, than the elaborate work in which they recently summed up the results of many years' labour and study. Of course, the standpoint is uncompromisingly socialistic, but unless a reader's opinions are already set, he must own that to the questions of the hours of labour, of the cure of the sweating system, of women's wages, a great deal of common sense and reasonableness is applied, and that conclusions are arrived at from which no one could dissent, were they not labelled with a dangerous name. As Mr. Webb says, after years of propaganda, during which the Socialists have not proved themselves to be very explosive, public opinion is now "in a fine state to begin on." There are thousands ready to examine the thing who would have been terrified by its very name some ten years ago. And most of these want first of all, before going into details, to have some notion where this road will take them. For this reason, perhaps the most useful paper in the book—there are others more important—is Mr. Webb's "Socialism: True and False." All brands of Socialism are lumped together in ordinary discussions; Mr. Webb makes out a good case for despair and ineffectiveness, or rank mischievous collectivism being the motive and result of the foundation of Utopias, or of Trade Sectionalism, which would give all the profits of a trade to the employees, or of Feasant Proprietorship. Mr. Webb's Socialism knocks a great many pretty and picturesque schemes on the head. One cannot very well see Mr. William Morris's plans in it; and to people who have abused capitalism as if it were the cause of our smoky and crowded towns, it must be anathema. For it means the recognition of a condition of things which cannot be cured by sentimentalism, art for the people, and the best literature.

"If our aim is the transformation of England into a Social Democracy, we must frankly accept the changes brought about by the Industrial Revolution, the factory system, the massing of population in great cities, the elaborate differentialism and complication of modern civilisation, the subordination of the worker to the citizen, and of the individual to the community." These conditions are not, in Mr. Webb's practical scheme, to be upset by any Social Revolution, but patiently to be made the most and the best of, for the good of all.

* "Problems of Modern Industry." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)

MEMORIALS OF AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PAINTER, JAMES NORTHCOTE.*

In the Appendix Mr. Gwynn gives a list of over seven hundred works by Northcote, yet as a painter he is now little more than a name, save to connoisseurs and to historians of art. In letters he is still a personality, not so much for his vivid "Memorials of Sir Joshua Reynolds" as for his fruitful friendship with Hazlitt. His appearance, his conversation, his opinions are all familiar to readers of the great essayist. Mr. Gwynn has edited a note-book, in which the painter set down reminiscences of his own life and his contemporaries. The greater part of this was afterwards incorporated into his "Life of Reynolds," and the note-book has already been drawn upon by Leslie, Tom Taylor, and Edward Southey Rogers. The editor does not claim that he has brought anything new to light save the account of Northcote's Italian journeys, only that the reminiscences have before been used in a scattered fashion, that they are interesting, and too little known. Most readers will find the publication justified, and be grateful for Mr. Gwynn's intelligent notes, sometimes much needed to elucidate the painter's narrative. These, however, should have been printed in a different type from the main text.

Northcote was a man of character as well as of talent, not very amiable, and terribly frugal in his habits, yet with social gifts, a shrewd observer, and proudly independent in his attitude to all the world. The Duke of Clarence had to apologise to him for making fun of his painting-attire; and he was known at the Prince Regent's Court not as a courtier but as a man of outspoken political opinions. "Sir Joshua," he says, "once asked me, 'What do you know of the Prince of Wales that he so often speaks to me about you?' I remember I made him laugh by my answer, for I said, 'Oh, he knows nothing of me, nor I of him—it's only his *bragging!*' 'Well,' said he, 'that is spoken like a king!'" Perhaps to the men of the first quarter of this century, Northcote was mainly interesting as one who had spoken with Johnson and Burke and Goldsmith, and who had been the pupil and intimate of Reynolds. There are a few stories of that circle, *mots* of Johnson of the usual insolent sort, and of Reynolds, the best pictures we possess. Northcote said of the great painter, "If Sir Joshua had come into the room when I was at work for him, and had seen me hanging by the neck, it would not have troubled him." This may be a bitter exaggeration of Reynold's consistent attitude of strict attention to business and to his own interests. But it is characteristic of the man who uttered it that he should have genuinely and intelligently admired his master and his work, and have been unstinted in the expression of his appreciation. The Life contains a much more incomplete estimate than is to be found in the Note-book.

Of the training of a painter in the eighteenth century, miserably inadequate and artificial according to our notions, we find a curious description, and of travelling in Italy such a picture as makes us wonder how even an iron constitution and the rarest passion for art could have made it tolerable. That some of the artist's difficulties with simple and with exigent sitters existed then as now, is suggested in a delightful letter of the painter's brother Samuel, which is the gem of the book. "I fancy I should be much pleased with your taste in painting, as you introduce dogs and horses, etc. Over and above my fondness for pictures of animals, I think it takes away the stiffness of a mere portrait, and makes it savour a little of the historical kind of painting. The pleasure I enjoy in seeing animals drawn, especially of the savage kind, is such that, was I about to have my portrait painted, I should be contriving how they might with propriety be introduced in the picture, and rather than leave them out I would, like Daniel, be painted in the lions' den." Poor Samuel was painted with no animal more formidable than a hawk.

* "Memorials of an Eighteenth Century Painter, James Northcote." By Stephen Gwynn. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. (Unwin.)

NOVEL NOTES.

SILENCE AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary E. Wilkins. 6s. (Harper Brothers.)

To describe Miss Wilkins' stories we borrow Miss Wilkins' phrase: they are "full of a grave and delicate stateliness." Their manner recalls that of some of her earliest and most excellent work—such as "A Far-Away Melody," and its companions—but shows, to our thinking, a distinct increase in power. They are not the kind of tales to be rushed through at breathless speed. They deserve and repay careful reading. The descriptions have a firm and cameo-like clearness. There is not a word of exaggeration, not a word out of place. They bear reading over and over again. The pathos is deep and tender, the more affecting because of the noble restraint of language. The writer does not throw herself and her whole stock of emotions at the reader's head. She gives an impression all through of reserve force. There are passages of quaint and touching humour, too, here and there—concerning Persis, for example, whose "very soul flagged" over the task of reproducing a landscape in cross-stitch, till at last an impious wish leaped up in her docile heart.

"'I wish,' said Persis, quite out loud to herself when she was all alone in the front room—'I wish the trees had never been made, nor the roses, nor the river, nor the sky; then I shouldn't have had to work them.' Then she fairly trembled at her wickedness, and counted the stitches in a corner of the sky with renewed zeal and faithfulness."

The stories are chiefly about women, and about women of a strong and true womanliness, with whom dignity was an instinct and affectation an impossibility. It is a pleasure to read such a book, and a pleasure to recommend it to others. Perhaps it will be most highly appreciated by those who have tried to write themselves. We would strongly advise literary aspirants to read it. It belongs to the class of work which is at once their delight and their despair.

JASON EDWARDS; and A LITTLE NORSK. By Hamlin Garland. 6s. (Thacker.)

The day has long gone by when the New World was the Land of Promise to the hard-driven worker in the Old. Still he flocks there, but unencouraged, and with the certainty of struggle

MR. HAMLIN GARLAND.

in front. Never in American fiction has the life of the workers been so sternly pictured as in the first of the two stories in this book. In European literature—in "Germinal," for instance, and in Mr. Arthur Morrison's tales of London poverty—we have descriptions far exceeding this in sordid brutality, but nothing more heartbreakingly sad. It is mainly the tale of a sober, intelligent, industrious man, who loves his family and toils willingly for them, but who, first in the press of an Eastern city, with its high rents and low wages, and afterwards in the relentless grip of the land-sharks of the West, struggles and sinks. A friend comes at last to carry this wounded soldier to the rear. He can die in kind security; but to a proud man there is no joy in that. If Mr. Hamlin Garland tells a faithful tale, it is the saddest that has ever come across the Atlantic to us. The second story, "A Little Norsk," is of more cheerful tenour, and reminds us of the best days of Bret Harte.

WILMAY, and Other Stories of Women. By Barry Pain. 3s. 6d. (Harper.)

These stories are nearly all in Mr. Barry Pain's pathetic vein; and as his pathos is quite spontaneous, and very delicately expressed for the most part, he gives us no reason to regret his humorous moods. We like all his women except Clare Tollison. She, a Bohemian, was converted to enthusiasm for the ancient *régime* by the attentions of an old lord, who coolly removed her bicycle and her cigarettes on her entering his house, who classed his musicians with his cooks, and behaved with general stupidity and arrogance. When she refused to marry him, he gave her "such diamonds"—which explains her point of view perhaps. Wilmay is delicately suggested. We are always on the edge of realising her, and she always escapes. But Margaret Fayre of "The Love Story of a Plain Woman" is both real and sympathetic—though she does change her lovers rather suddenly; while Emmeline's madness in the last story is of a kind to win our certain affections. In "The Forgiveness of the Dead" there is a good idea which might have been carried out more impressively.

THE RENUNCIATION OF HELEN. By Leader Scott. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Those who know Leader Scott's delightful "Echoes of Old Florence" and her "Tuscan Studies" will hardly believe that her pen has written "The Renunciation of Helen." Her other work is so good that she deserves more than forgiveness for producing a very commonplace story, deserves we should forget the fact as soon as possible. Judged not by her capabilities, but by the standard of the average novel, it will just pass muster. There is a little melodrama in it, a little socialistic philanthropy, and a great deal of amiable sentiment; but the writer's native power has oozed away in this unhappy experiment in fiction.

STEPHEN BRENT. By Philip Lafargue. 2 vols. 12s. 6d. (A Constable.)

Mr. Lafargue demands space for his methods in fiction. In two volumes of closely-printed matter he just manages to bring his hero through dense jungles of conversation to his death-bed. There are a great many characters, and they all talk enormously, some of them very well, we admit. It is a liberal education to read the novel through, for the characters form a kind of Friends in Council Club, and from their symposiums no subjects are excluded. There is a great deal of stimulating entertainment to be got out of the neatly-expressed opinions of Mr. Madrigal, for instance. Mr. Madrigal reminds us of the author's indisputable talent for naming his personages. Piers Madrigal, what a name for a "genial critic and princely friend of struggling talent"! Also Tom Paradise and Lady Gambion! And they fit into their names very cleverly. Only the principal characters are a little wearisome. To Brent we took a dislike in his days of Spartan virtue. When he, the heretic, the preacher of the betterment of the race, was corrupted by wealth and a fashionable wife into a tolerance of conventions, he had not far to fall in our estimation. He was so fulsomely theoretical that when the apostle of health succumbed to lung disease and vulgar temptations, we shared the surprise of Mr. Lafargue as little as we did his affection for the hero. And Mary Thorpe, the queen of intellect and virtue, we do not believe in. We gave her up on p. 64. There we learnt that, to keep the pot boiling, this great-minded woman had to edit the Health Column of a woman's journal, *i.e.*, to advise on hair-dyes and face-powder. It was a sore trial, till she reflected that the questions of the idiots who asked her counsel were "but the blind gropings of an instinct whose real objective is the betterment of the race." There's a pretty bit of humbugging—but, of course, the tiresome Stephen was the first suggester of the pose.

DEAD SELVES. By Julia Magruder. 3s. 6d. (James Bowden.)

This is a closely-concentrated study of a single character. Mrs. Gwynn, afterwards Mrs. Fraser, is the central and all important figure. Her husband has a certain subsidiary interest of his own, but his value to the story lies in his influence on his wife's development. The analysis of this process of development is keen, sympathetic, and complete. We have read nothing more admirable of its kind. Rhoda's two loveless marriages, her indifferent motherhood, her dawning love for her husband, the slow awakening of her womanliness, the rousing of heart and conscience, her eager clinging to her husband's mother, the final triumph of duty and of love—all these, with their bearing on her outward life, are treated with

an exquisite fineness and skill. The relations between the young wife and her mother-in-law are natural and beautiful. Old Mrs. Fraser is a model of healthy feminine sentiment and sanctified common-sense. The plot would have borne more elaboration, perhaps, and the book might have been extended considerably in the hands of a writer of assured power, but we are not sorry that Miss Magruder has chosen to focus her energies somewhat narrowly. The book gains in intensity and in thoroughness. Only one thing spoils our enjoyment, and that is a certain lack of restraint. There is too much "gush," especially where Fraser's feelings are concerned. Masculine emotion is intense rather than expansive—at least, people like to think so. A woman, in writing of it, had better let her words be as few and as forcible as possible.

A RUSSIAN VAGABOND. By Fred Whishaw. 2s. 6d. (C. Arthur Pearson.)

In the very first sentence this candid vagabond describes himself as "a bad lot—a thoroughly bad lot." Certainly he was an associate of Nihilists and other disrespectable people, and that not from any deep social or political conviction, but simply from a natural bias towards lawlessness. He drew the line at murder, but not at robbery, and was always ready to take the lead in any scheme of daring or mischief. The book is a lively, flippant, clever and readable one, though it has all these characteristics to no more than a moderate degree. This particular vagabond was hardly wicked enough to be interesting. His crimes generally stopped short of being thrilling. And he behaved badly to Nona. In the last chapter, however, as the title puts it, "The Vagabond Plays the Hero," and brings a flush of humanity into the tale, which ends in reform, respectability, and a happy marriage. The book is a fair – hardly an excellent, and certainly not a poor—specimen of a well defined and familiar class.

MISS BETTY'S MISTAKE. By Adeline Sergeant. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Miss Betty made a great mistake, and one that affects us nearly, for she spoilt a good story. Why did Miss Sergeant let her do it just when everybody was ambling pleasantly along the road to health, happiness, and a satisfactory last chapter? We looked for something better from the authoress of "The Lady Charlotte." We do not condemn, we only remonstrate, for there is material here for a first-rate book. *Miss* Betty is a character to know and make a friend of, until she gets into an undesirable set. *Mrs.* Betty and her husband are not to be tolerated. But when she becomes Miss Betty once more we admire her as much as ever. In fact, all through, the story hovers between bathos and brilliancy, and never topples to either side. A successful novelist haunted by a vision of a black cat is undoubtedly a pitiable figure, but the situation craves wary walking if it is never to be ludicrous. Here the writer shows an admirably sure foot—except once, when a slip gave us a chance to smile. Yet notwithstanding improbabilities, notwithstanding the freaks of foolish and delightful old ladies, notwithstanding situations a little too advanced for our simple taste, we read the book through with interest and enjoyment. For whatever may be the faults of this particular story, in it, as in her others, Miss Sergeant shows the knack which many of her fellow-craftsmen vainly sigh for, the knack of being readable.

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN HORN. By John K. Leys. 3s. 6d. (Newnes.)

The title teases the imagination with suggestions of Orientals, gorgeous and rascally. The first chapter awakes thoughts of dare-devil deeds upon the high seas. But though there is rascaldom enough and devilry enough, it all takes place in England on firm ground. There are murders and thefts, lyings and cheatings, sudden shrieks and smothered groans, and all the scoundrelism which seems naturally to cluster round a pocketful of uncut diamonds. We do not greatly admire this sort of thing, but it is fairly good of its kind. The plot hangs well together, and the characters manage to tie themselves up into a tolerably intricate knot which falls apart just at the right moment without unduly offending against the laws of fictional probability.

A RACE FOR MILLIONS. By David Christie Murray. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

Whatever Mr. Christie Murray sets his hand to is done with some originality and vigour. It is no matter for congratulation that he has descended to the detective story. The author of "Joseph's Coat" and "A Capful o' Nails" should be better employed. But here is his venture into these undistinguished lists, and we are bound to say that, whether the honour be great or no, his success is indisputable. That is, he will interest such as care for anything beyond the mere hunting of criminals. His characters are not puppets, and his ending of the gold-search in a fizzle is what Probability demanded. But the stockbroker at leisure and the schoolboy evading his duties—and these are the detective story-writer's serious *clientèle*—will certainly be disappointed that Probability has any hand in the matter at all, and will say Mr. Murray is not playing the game.

HAGAR OF HOMERTON. By Mrs. Henry E. Dudeney. 6s. (Pearson.)

There was a good deal of quiet promise in "A Man with a Maid," Mrs. Dudeney's first novel, and this is more than fulfilled in "Hagar of Homerton." The conception is unhackneyed; the characters are carefully observed and skilfully drawn; the

From Photo by] MRS. H. E. DUDENEY. *[Garland.*

style is bright and sparkling. Altogether "Hagar of Homerton" is an attractive and readable book. Mrs. Swithybark is, if we mistake not, new to fiction and she is a most entertaining creation. Hagar, too, is not the ordinary novelist's girl from the East End. Mrs. Dudeney evidently knows the byways of London as well as the other tellers of tales from mean streets, and her picture does not suffer in truthfulness because it is not painted all in drabs and greys. "Hagar of Homerton" is quite as life like as "Liza of Lambeth," and she makes a much pleasanter heroine.

MARS. By S. Darling Baker. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The very slangy heroine with the good heart and the loud manners is a favourite to-day. Mars is an exaggerated specimen of the kind. She is not quite sixteen when we are introduced to her; but her knowledge of the world is more precocious than even her circumstances explain. She smokes at this tender age in a way most deleterious to her health, and her language is that of a brainless stable-boy. But she was the bravest of the brave, and "she had no knowledge of wrong, or thought of evil; she was a child of nature, with only her own pure soul to guide her." So says her biographer. We might come to another conclusion, were it worth while. But the noisy young Amazon is not very real. Gloria, her saintly aunt, is too lachrymose for our taste; and as for the noble-minded convict, imprisoned for the crime of another, our interest in him was exhausted some centuries ago.

THE ST. CADIX CASE. By Esther Miller. 6s. (Innes.)

There was the making of a fine detective story in the first few chapters here. But the authoress gave a clue to the least shrewd of readers, and the detective interest died forthwith. From that point she turned her tale into a love-story, of a very ordinary kind. As we know the heroine is not guilty of the murder, so do we know she will at last face her trial, be acquitted, and that the benevolent doctor will do the handsome thing by her. There is not a surprise in the book, and there are no compensations in the way of good writing, or cleverly conceived character. It is a story such as one has the chance of reading by the hundred any year—sentimental, amiable, and entirely commonplace.

THE APE, THE IDIOT, AND OTHER PEOPLE. By W. C. Morrow. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Morrow is an ambitious, even a pretentious story-writer, but sensitive folk should avoid his offers of entertainment. "Morbid" is a word too often flung to-day at writers who feel called to speak of the inevitable pain of life. But there can be no question that the accusation in his case is justified. Half his book is made up of descriptions of physical pain, corporal maladies, and the mental conditions resulting from these. He sentimentalises over them; but he rouses no pity, only nausea and revolt. There is nothing in his stories to make one willing to bear these for its sake. If he were to write of any other kind of sensations, we have an idea he would mostly write thin and flat stuff. "The Hero of the Plague," however, we grant, is a character sketch showing talent and a sympathy which has something robust and genuine about it.

AT YOU-ALL'S HOUSE. By James Newton Baskett. 6s. (The Macmillan Co.)

Here is a little book which is unique. It is a simple story of American country life. There is nothing remarkable in its scenery, in its incidents, or in its characters. Yet it has a flavour of its own which is fresh, kindly, and wholesome. For one thing it keeps us nearly all the time in the open air; for another, it is a study in youthfulness. Shan was barely twenty and "he was a boy who wondered." He watched the ways of birds and beasts in the Missouri fields, and wondered about them and about many other things—about everything that came in his way, in fact. And he had three good friends to help him with his wondering. There was the young schoolmistress, some half-dozen years older than himself, whose conversation was an education to him, as his was an inspiration to her. Then there was Mildred, somewhat younger than Miss Winnie of the school-house, and the faithful friend and confidante of all the youths in the district. "Fer sociability and feller-feelin', fer all ther love-yer-neighbour-as-yerself sort of goodwill," they all loved Mildred Watkins. And then there was seventeen-year-old Dolly—— But to find out all that Dolly was to Shan we advise the reader to turn to the book itself. He will find there Nature, frank and innocent, as the setting for a charming rural idyll.

THE AMBITION OF JUDITH. By Olive Birrell. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

There are two leading *motifs* in this book—Judith's love of her brother and Judith's love of money. In the former there lay a chance for a powerful story. The love of brother and sister has not had justice done to it in fiction. But the writer has made little or nothing of it, and has developed her story on the lines of the second. Judith therefore appears in a very discreditable light. She is guilty of trickery and of falsehood for the sake of securing a fortune, and when she finds her money a curse to her and to her co-legatee, she attempts to bring good out of evil by deliberately engaging in a flirtation with a man she despises. It is an unsatisfactory story, and irritates us all through with a continual suggestion that somehow it ought to have been better. There is excellent work in it, but the characters are unconvincing and have not sufficient individuality. They exist, so to speak, by fits and starts, and lack what philosophers term "the continuity of the ego." Which is to say, they are not people, but puppets. The whole book has an air of effort. Still, we repeat, it has some power and much excellence. We shall look with interest for the writer's next work.

THE WOOINGS OF JEZEBEL PETTYFER. By Haldane MacFall. 6s. (Richards.)

From the first paragraph this novel must arrest the attention of such as care for good writing in their fiction, and are sensitive to power and truth in the description of the external world. It is altogether an exceptional book, original, interesting, and mostly repulsive. The repulsion arises from the fact that we are not quite convinced of the accuracy of Mr. McFall's presentation of human nature among Barbadoes negroes. Now and again we have a suspicion that the observation is coloured by the pre-judgments of a *fin de siècle* mind, that some characters and some situations are tortured to produce a kind of morbid humour, and to shake our sentimental ignorance of the negro by any means. We may be quite wrong. The proper sequel to such a novel is an unimaginative study of the coloured people of the West Indies, and we hope it may be forthcoming. Mr. McFall's fantastic pictures present them, not as the simple children we have hitherto thought them, but as subtle, sophisticated, clever rascals, very amusing and hopelessly, sometimes unpleasantly, immoral. There is nothing commonplace about his book; and in it there is nothing by itself really dull. But he piles up evidence and incidents and talk in an endless fashion; so that his greatest admirers must perforce skip many pages. As there is no particular plan, they will not therefore lose much of the general effect of this puzzling, clever, but too lengthy book, whose author proves himself to be at once humourist, sensation-monger, and philosopher.

AUNT JUDITH'S ISLAND: A Comedy of Kith and Kin. By F. C. Constable. 6s. (Richards.)

A great deal of ingenuity, of industry, as well as of paper and ink have been expended on this elaborate jest. Aunt Judith was a lunatic in whose madness we find no method at all. Or if there was method—and the collection of all the members and connections of a tiresome family on an island in the Mediterranean had a kind of system in it—then the method had no purpose. Or if it had the purpose of amusing us, then that purpose has entirely failed. We tried to get on separately with each member of that endless family, and after the cumulative fatigue, we should have absolutely refused all chances to take part in the siege and invasion of their island, which might have brought us into contact with the least or the greatest of them, though their island had contained Golconda or anything equivalent. Aunt Judith is said to have troubled the Powers by her experiment, and chuckled over the diplomatic entanglements she caused. Unluckily, she must put every reader on the side of the big battalions, and make them desire the triumph of any brutal force that would scatter and confound so terrible a race as the Sywards. But we feel that somewhere there is a great purpose concealed in this heavy dough. Mr. Constable should offer a reward for its discovery. It would teach readers patience, and be an education for the competitors.

JABEZ NUTYARD, Worker and Dreamer. By Mrs. Edmonds. 6s. (Jarrold.)

Jabez Nutyard was a pleasant-natured man, of a cultivated mind, though his opportunities had been few. He had deep affections and a will strong enough to enable him to stand alone for conscience sake, when necessary. So we are told; we hardly realise him enough to make inferences for ourselves. Though he gives the name to the book, yet he cannot be said to be the centre of it. He is only a character in a rather tame and aimless story. The fact is, Mrs. Edmonds is not here on her own ground. Commonplace English life does not rouse her powers. It is as the biographer of "Kolokotrones" and the writer on modern Greek life that she is seen to full advantage.

AN EPISODE IN ARCADY. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. 3s. 6d. (C. A. Pearson.)

On the moors, and among their half-tamed dwellers, Mr. Sutcliffe is at his best. He has wandered away from them here, to a milder land and a more sophisticated people. But he has not reached Arcady. Where is Arcady, by the way? We hear of it much to-day; but when it is pictured to us we see it to be mostly tourist-ridden. Wherever it be, we feel sure its sojourners and pilgrims do not have champagne lunches like Mr. Sutcliffe's Arcadians; that they are much less witty and much less self-conscious. This tale of the love-making of a young man—who passed himself off as another person, merely in joke, of course, but not in a way to convince us of the truth of his author's description, "he was so entirely a gentleman"—and of a pert young modern lady, is quite amusing. It is a good sample of the popular holiday story; but it is not Arcadian, and many people with less ability than Mr. Sutcliffe could have written it.

MODERN INSTANCES. By Ella D'Arcy. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

Miss D'Arcy has learnt her craft. The matter of her short stories is well fitted for that form of fiction. Her character-reading is shrewd and subtle, and her style vigorous and direct. She is modern in several of the good senses of the word. We wish so undoubtedly clever a writer were not so intent on the satire of the suburb. By a poor convention the suburb is made the home of all that is mean, stupid, and mediocre, though every one knows, of course, that character is neither more diverse nor more elevated, nor are brains quicker, in Mayfair than in Surbiton. The domestic arrangements of the suburb, which are probably those of the ordinary English household of moderate income from the Tweed to the Channel, and which are probably as fitting as those that reign at Chatsworth or in the Quartier Latin, are constant food for the mirth of smart young snobs. There are many who sin worse than Miss D'Arcy in this respect; but it is a pity she spends so much good work in satirising mean, dull persons; they will never read her books; her gibes would not reach them even if they lived in Belgravia; and the rest of the world soon has more than enough of such company. The gambling story, "Sir Julian Garve," rouses us far more than "At Twickenham," though the latter is much the neater bit of writing. But all the seven are excellently written. The triumph of the book, however, is "The Death Mask"—presumably a study of Verlaine, half-satyr, half-divine. With ingenuity, with noble charity, with poetic intuition has she performed this difficult task.

WIVES IN EXILE. A Comedy in Romance. 6s. (Richards.)

This is dictinctly a holiday story. It should be read, if possible, on a sea-trip, to the accompaniment of crying winds, rolling waves, and the songs of sailors. But other leisurely and quite irresponsible circumstances will serve. We had the misfortune to read it in town, jammed in between a manual on Socialism and a serious discussion on the several merits of classics and romantics. The depression of such neighbours was contagious, and we soon felt we had a great deal too much of the conversation of First Officers Moriarty and Macfee. But the fun of the whole situation did not escape us. "Wives in Exile" is a gallant novel. It approves of, and chuckles over, the escapade of two ladies, who, believing themselves to be shabbily treated by their husbands respecting a holiday matter, set out on a yachting cruise, with themselves for captains, and with a crew of their own sex. Now a male writer of the last generation, who had ventured on such a theme—which, of course, demands a shipwreck—would have brought the husbands to the rescue of their spouses, and the women would have promised to refrain from rashness any more. But Mr. Sharp has the courage of his epoch. It is the wives who are the noble rescuers.

WINDYGAP. By Theo. Douglas. 1s. (J. W. Arrowsmith)

The story relates a succession of "special Providences," and shows how each apparently chance incident forms a link in a chain of circumstances closing round Phœbe Curle for her ultimate good. It is little more than an outline. No attempt is made at elaboration. But the characters stand out with considerable distinctness, especially, perhaps, the minister's mother, whose caution made her question even the most evident of "leadings." "I would like to be sure before I give myself wholly over to belief," she says naively. It is a very satisfactory little story, unambitious, but direct in style and interesting.

A MAORI MAID. By H. B. Vogel. 6s. (Pearson.)

The style of this story is so staccato that in the middle of dozing over the pages we wake up every now and then with a start, convinced that something must be happening, or that what has just been said must be of first-rate importance since it is struck out with such brief emphasis. "All men are selfish—and some women. Cyril Anderson was muchly so." Again, "John found his wife somewhat trying. A man can have too much wife." Occasionally the author seems to have modelled himself on the later Hugo, and striven hard after paragraphs two words long. This is the only distinguishing mark of a story which records the evil things that happened because John Anderson took up with a beautiful Maori, when he had already a legal wife. Mr. Vogel has a liking for the reprobate, and we share it till we find John does not shrink from the meanest conduct which will let him play his double game a little longer.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

MACAULAY'S COMPLETE WORKS. Albany Edition. Twelve volumes. 3s. 6d. each. (Longmans.)

A complete edition of Macaulay's works, cheap and yet tastefully produced, supplies a distinct want in our libraries. The Albany Edition, of which the first two volumes are before us, is everything that could be wished. It is clearly printed on light paper, bound in excellent style, and altogether a most attractive edition. The portraits are works of art. We can heartily recommend it to all bookmen.

SONNETS ON THE SONNET: An Anthology. Compiled by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. 3s. 6d. (Longmans.)

We believe there are people living, and counted sane, who collect postage-stamps. One such we have met, and he hid his mania cunningly. So we have been accustomed to look on the learned Father Russell as one of the most cultivated of Irish priests, and unusually level-headed, too. Alas! he has shown his cloven hoof; or rather, we should say, he now flaunts publicly the evil thing he has long cherished in secrecy. Not only has he been indulging in his vice for years, but encouraging others to acquire the taste too. Ever so many Irish writers have evidently been inspired by him to take part in this most dreary game. Of course, to Father Russell does not attach the stigma of its invention. But till now the fact that a horde of obscure scribblers, and some well-known ones, too, have given themselves headaches by stringing together fourteen lines, in order to say how fourteen lines should be strung together, or to commemorate the fact that other people had performed the trick, was decently hid from our knowledge. Except "Nuns fret not" and one or two more, they are all bad, and very bad; as what else should they be? Mr. Gladstone's schoolboy one on his Rejected Sonnet, "Poor Child of Sorrow," is eminent compared with most. We beseech readers not to come within the region of contagion. Father Russell is an awful warning. He is a good writer, but he sonneteers on this theme in the vilest fashion, and one subject is evidently as good as another. We read in the preface that a Frenchman, who died last year, left in print sixteen hundred and seventeen sonnets! We feel sure they were all sonnets on the sonnet, and that the number was made up by permutations and combinations of the words in that specimen which was his first offence. On the whole, we think postage-stamp collecting is a more respectable and interesting mania. By-the-bye, though Mr. Henley did not write a sonnet on the sonnet, but only a villanelle on the villanelle and a triolet on the triolet, he is worthy to have his Christian name given correctly.

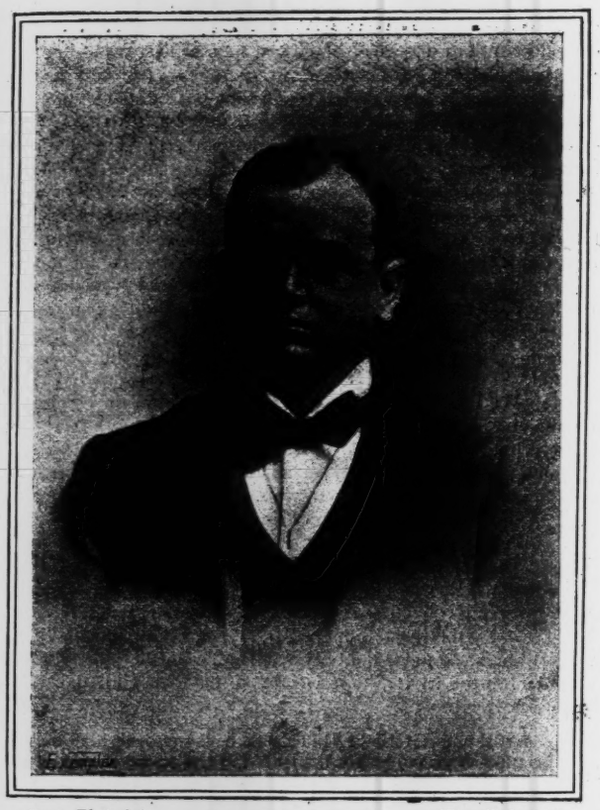
THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY. An Essay incorporating the Lectures delivered before the University of Cambridge upon the foundation of the Rev. John Hulse in the Michaelmas Term, 1897, and the Lent Term, 1898. By the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, Headmaster of Harrow School. 6s. (Seeley and Co., Ltd.)

"All that is vital to Humanity depends upon the faith of the soul's Immortality. To plead for that faith, to make it reasonable and acceptable, has been the object of this Essay. For to man it is all in all. Without it life is poor and sad and purposeless. It were better—I speak as I think—not to be born." This expresses the spirit and attitude of mind in which Mr. Welldon undertakes his weighty task. Only in the closing chapter does he fill the conception of immortality with Christian contents. The nature, history, value, and evidences of the belief form the main subject of the book. Naturally it will be judged by its success or failure to advance convincing arguments in favour of immortality. And it may be said that while other writers have more powerfully stated one or other of the arguments, Dr. Welldon has furnished a survey which may preferably be put in the hands of an enquirer. It is full, temperate, well-written, and conceived in an excellent spirit. Two of his arguments will probably be felt to be weak—that which is based on the doctrine of continuity (p. 184) and that which rests on the fact that the loss of certain members of the body does not affect the soul (p. 210). These arguments, although buttressed by the authority of great names, do not strengthen the cause. Probably the natural argument which at present will have most weight is that which Mr. Fiske states in the words: "To deny the everlasting persistence of the spiritual element in man is to rob the whole process (*i.e.*, the process of evolution) of its meaning." Dr. Welldon's treatment of the positivist's impersonal immortality is fresh and important. He discusses the immortality of animals with

fulness and intelligence, and while the book is written throughout with warmth and brightness, it is never merely controversial, and its general result is a decided strengthening of the reader's belief. Perhaps Dr. Welldon would have done still better had he made more account of the principle he states on p. 238, that "speculation concerning the nature and destiny of the soul must go back ultimately to the question of the Divine Being."

SOME NOTES OF A STRUGGLING GENIUS. By G. S. Street. Bodley Booklets, No. 4. 1s. net. (Lane.)

Mr. Street's "Struggling Genius" is nearly as amusing as his "Boy," whose bland autobiography opened our eyes very wide a few years ago. The Genius is not so bold and irresponsible a person as the Boy, however. He would fain act the part of



From Photo by] MR. G. S. STREET. *[Russell & Sons.*

the law-abiding citizen, of the healthy athletic Englishman, of the earnest-minded seeker; but circumstances are against him. He takes you into his confidence in the most fascinating way, puts his case candidly, appealingly, till you are ready to soothe him with the echo of his own conclusions—that if you behave with decency to the world and society, there is no time left for work; that a career and a goal are impossible for such as respect their imagination; and that when you have yawned vigorously in intellectual society or in the gallery in the House of Commons, you have done all for your body that even an athletic age can ask of you. The fooling is light and pleasant; and Mr. Street knows when to stop. But the papers "On Writing an Article" and "On Distinguished People" we have applauded as seriously as if they had been dull disquisitions.

INTERLUDES. By H. C. Banister. 5s. (Bell.)

It is satisfactory that a critic of such authority as the late Mr. Henry Banister, whose recent death is still deplored by all musicians, should have said in his lecture on "The Music of the Victorian Era," the last of the seven in this volume, that "the English composers of this generation . . . . are writing, not German music, nay, nor English music, but *music*." Still he deprecates present-day methods in many respects, having little liking for our modern Wagner worship and our modern pianoforte style. "There is now less of charm," he says, in speaking of piano playing, "more of what is designated *technique*." And he expects never to hear the equal of Mendelssohn. The young composers, he considers, lack continuity and restraint, and he insists strongly (as every sound musician must) on the value of strict contrapuntal discipline. The lecture on "Counterpoint in Free Composition," and the two on Movement Structure and Musical Composition are distinctly the ablest in the volume, though so directly technical as to have little interest for any but musical students. The examination of the transition from the contrapuntal system of a *canto fermo*, with its accompaniments, to the harmonic-progression system of chords and their context is particularly interesting. Mr. Banister's English style is perhaps not the most fascinating imaginable, but his enthusiasm and his command of his subject will secure the sympathy and attention of musicians.

SIR CHARLES MURRAY, K.C.B: A Memoir. By the Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell. 18s. (Blackwood.)

The life of so excellent a gentleman and so creditable a diplomatist was worth writing. If only his biographer had compiled it in Murray's own modest spirit it would have been easier to read and would have been much more impressive. It is almost impossible to find the man here in the mass of irrelevant and ill-assorted matter. But whatever subject succeeds in engaging Sir Herbert Maxwell's attention is immediately clothed and smothered in a garment of portentous solemnity, and after that, farewell to any hope of distinguishing size or shape or colour. Murray's youth, in no way remarkable, might have had half a page. His opinions need not have had as much. He was no thinker. In his most independent moods he only dared to come near the verge of what average people have been thinking for half-a-century. His travels and his stay in Persia, with a well-drawn picture of the personality of a high-minded Scottish gentleman, with tastes above those of the majority of his class, would have been ample material for a brief and interesting memoir. Sir Herbert's prodigality of pages, however, has given us one or two interesting letters from Lytton, Fenimore Cooper, and others. And if he is too insistent on Murray's literary talents, at least he reminds us that Murray was the author of the once famous "Prairie Bird," and tells us, too, a pleasant story of how the author made his romance a medium of communication with his beloved lady, with whom her stern father had forbidden him to correspond.

WILLIAM STOKES: His Life and Work (1804-1878). By his son, William Stokes. Masters of Medicine. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)

William Stokes was one of those who have most largely contributed to make the name of doctor a venerated one. His devotion to his profession was unsurpassable, and his work for the advancement of medical science of the most substantial kind. On the whole he had a lucky life. Born in a cultivated circle, there were no great obstacles to a man of his brain and character reaching far. Sociable, genial, a fine talker, full of the most varied interests, his toil was refreshed by many different streams. His work in Irish archæology is still remembered. But whatever his luck he deserved it all. The present volume is a record of hard and continuous labour, with beneficent results. His numerous honours came to him well earned. It would be impossible to make the biography of such a man merely scientific and professional. He had a share in all the strenuous life of Ireland outside politics, and saw something of all the distinguished persons who visited the country. The picture of him in society is admirably done, and the anecdotes of himself and his circle often racy and delightful. Stokes was a severe judge of some faults. Accustomed to Irish geniality he resented Carlyle's self-assertiveness, intolerance, and vanity. He said that he had met many bores, but "Carlyle was hyperborean." He was always on the best of terms with the poor. An invalid cobbler to whom he had lent a volume of Scott, declared that Sir Walter was "a true historian." Asked what that might mean, he said, "He makes you love your kind." A fine comment on Scott, and a suggestive one on history! It will be remembered that Stokes was the doctor who did the last kind service to poor Clarence Mangan.

THE KINGDOM OF THE YELLOW ROBE. By Ernest Young 15s. (Constable.)

"The Kingdom of the Yellow Robe" contains a vast deal of curious and interesting information relating to the everyday life of the people of Siam. Mr. Ernest Young, who spent several years in the Educational Department at Bangkok, has made a

most careful study of the domestic and religious rites and customs of the Siamese, and his chatty account of the doings of a very interesting people is pleasant and attractive reading. The illustrations are excellent, and the general get-up of the book particularly handsome.

SIDE LIGHTS ON THE CONFLICTS OF METHODISM. By Benjamin Gregory, D.D. (Cassell.)

This is a kind of "Hansard" of Methodism. The late Rev. Joseph Fowler, father of the late Secretary of State for India, kept for twenty-five years a complete journal of the proceedings of the Wesleyan Methodist Conferences, 1827-1852. No other reliable record of debates was kept, and, but for Mr. Fowler's care, much material, invaluable to any student of Methodism, would have been lost. Dr. Gregory has now arranged these notes so as to form a history of the development of the principles of Wesleyan Methodism and an explanation and complete justification of the policy which led to the unfortunate disruptions of 1850. Dr. Gregory also supplies an excellent biography of the late Rev. Joseph Fowler The book has a special value for all who are interested in the ecclesiastical history of our century. It contains much information hitherto inaccessible.

WILLIAM DUNBAR. By Oliphant Smeaton. Famous Scots Series. 1s. 6d. (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.)

The writer devotes an interesting first chapter to the consideration of the little galaxy of poets who worked and wrote in what he describes as "Scotland's Golden Age," that is to say, the twenty years before Flodden. Painstaking Henryson, Gavin Douglas the seer, "gude Maister Walter Kennedy," and Sir David Lyndsay have all their place, only less honourable than the Laureate "Makar" of the time. The history of Dunbar himself is a chapter in the history of Scotland, or at least of a King of Scotland, which came to the same thing in those days. The poet shared all the "ploys" in which the "Royal Gaberlunzie" delighted. His influence at Court was strong—only not strong enough, unfortunately, to prevent the mad muster on the Boroughmuir and the dire day that followed. The book is an admirable biography, one of the liveliest and most readable in the series. The critical analysis of the poet's work is accurate and satisfactory. We can give no higher praise than to say that it is worthy of the man whom Sir Walter Scott called "this darling of the Scottish Muses."

WHERE WILD BIRDS SING. By James E. Whiting. 2s. (Mayle.)

This is a brightly written little book, and one which we have dipped into with much pleasure. As the author rambles on, in his own quiet way, chatting with us about birds, insects, butterflies, and flowers, we recall memories of our own country days, which time may have dimmed, but not banished from our hearts. In his preface the author reminds us of the difficulties which, as a working man, he has experienced in writing the book. A tender regard is shown throughout the book for the birds especially, and this will touch those who do not like to think of any future Gilbert White going about armed with a gun.

ENGLISH NATIONAL EDUCATION. A Sketch of the Rise of Public Elementary Schools in England. By H. Holman. Victorian Era Series. 2s. 6d. (Blackie.)

We should like to see this book in the hands of every member of an English school board, and of as many payers of education rates as could possibly be induced to read it. It is by no means a record of proud successes; rather is it a tale of infinitesimal progress diversified by failures and by a few terribly hard-won fights. Mr. Holman is eminently reasonable, however; and does not seek to impose on this country a system identical in method, but only equal in efficiency to those of the foremost countries to-day. "We have all the raw material out of which to make a splendid system of schools," he says. "There remain but two things to be done to make practically perfect our system of national education, viz., to make it national and to make it educational." This is severe, but the false economies, the unscientific teaching, the mischievous labour clause, the mischievous manager system, and many other existing anomalies and absurdities justify still greater severity. How incompletely education is yet organised is suggested by an advertisement in a Cumberland paper last year. "Schoolmistress wanted, for Dame School at Derrier, to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic, also knitting and sewing. Salary, £6 per year, and free house. The wife of a shoemaker or workingman might suit."

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. (*An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.*)

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
"Bookman" Office,
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to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

AGE 16.—This is shocking for sixteen. On no account sleep in the daytime in order to engage in the "wild pursuit" of any "superhuman flute" at night. Sleep at night and devote the day to learning to spell.

AILSA CRAIG.—The idea is quite right, but a very familiar one, and the language is quite commonplace. Your other pieces are applauded, probably, because they amuse the audience. There is nothing amusing about these lines. And even if they were much better than they are, they are not the kind of thing to be noisily appreciated. Be content without applause. Your verses may be giving more pleasure than you are aware of.

ALICUL.—No. 1 is *not* a "sonnet." Otherwise the verses are correct but colourless, and offer little field for remark.

ANNIE PEARCE.—Yes, this might go with the others, if you wish it. But what is the good of it all? Such subjects are not edifying, and the story only escapes being very distinctly "horrid" (to use your own expression) by tailing off in a most prosaic fashion. Better avoid *risqué* themes.

CLOUDLAND.—This suggests a sensational drama of a very ordinary type. Such stories get printed, no doubt, and so may yours if you avoid dulness. But there is nothing here either new or lively. You might find a place in some weekly story papers, but it is doubtful.

ECREHON.—You have an undoubted faculty for story-telling, but must try to avoid extravagances of imagination. Remember that this "uncanny" style lends itself very easily to ridicule.

E. M. B.—An excellent essay for a Mutual Improvement Society. You have evidently read up well. It does not show any original literary faculty, however; in fact, there is very little of yourself in it.

GEORGE MEDLEY.—No. 1 is exhaustingly arithmetical, especially in the Latin version, but lines 4-6 are good in both. No. 2 is your best. The lyric by no means suggests the lyre. It lilts ponderously. Could you not transfer the solidity from your song to your story? The latter is very smart, but wants matter. The classics provide your best inspiration at present; but all your work (except the lyric) is clever.

GEORGE WOLFSCOTE.—If these are first efforts, I should say go on. There is promise in your work. The shorter story might possibly find a place in a religious magazine, if you are not too ambitious. The other is a better story, but not likely to be easily placed. If you decide to persevere, however, you will lose nothing by letting these drop. Your style is in the direction of realism, but is still a little slack. Your workmanship wants bracing up. Concentrate your ideas as much as possible. I shall be glad to see another story by and bye.

HANOVER.—Your young friend's essay is an excellent one, but there are difficulties in the way of its publication. The actual information it contains is to be found in many text-books, and there is no demand for critical essays by unknown writers. The paper is too serious for a merely popular magazine, and in a purely literary journal such a subject would be treated by an eminent man of letters. The writer shows distinct ability.

H. A. T. H.—Some day you may get a story accepted, but not yet. You have imagination, but your work is very crude indeed. Do not attempt fine writing. Be simple, be direct, and do not speak of "bleating fish."

H. R. W.—You have got a nice subject, and your style is not "stilted." It is quite pleasant and natural. You should certainly persevere. Avoid the necessity for saying—"But to return." Digressions are out of place in such a story. The italics are quite superfluous. Why did not the curate send the cheque to his wife? It would have been more natural.

J. A. P.—You have still a great deal to learn in verse-making. Your rhythm runs wild in the latter half of the piece. And you have chosen a subject about which it is almost impossible to say anything original. The greatest poets have succeeded with it only moderately, so you need not be disheartened, though your verses have little value.

JOHN SACKSTONE.—Your essay is clever and well written. It might suit one of the popular monthlies. But you may find it necessary to cut it down. Articles of that kind should be short.

J. G. R.—Very schoolgirlish. Write simply, without trying to be fine. And be careful with spelling. "Accross" is very bad.

J. M.—These are very much better. There are some capital verses in No. 1, especially 4-7. Some of the expressions in verse 2 want looking over. The second poem is musical and pretty. You should certainly persevere.

JOSEPH MARLE.—Very fair. Lines 3-6 are good. Omit "the" from line 6 for the sake of rhythm. Line 7 is hopeless. You cannot make five syllables out of "discomfited utterly."

MERUM SAL.—Unsatisfactory in sound, in sense, and in religion. Study prosody before writing any more verses.

MEWATL.—These are no improvement on the last. I am compelled to say that they are very poor. I have looked for a verse about which I might say something encouraging, but can find only verse 2 of the third piece, and it is spoiled at the end by a too evident effort to find a word to rhyme with "chime."

MICHAEL SULLIVAN.—A pathetic little story. You have a knack of picturesque language which is worth cultivating. Guard against the tendency to affectation, of which there is a special danger in that style of writing. So far you have escaped it wonderfully.

MOLLIE CAREW.—Your work promises well, and you ought certainly to persevere in it. But you make mistakes in spelling and grammar. There is no such word as "glintered," and one or two others are wrongly used.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—Very juvenile; far too much Flora and Phœbus. And do not represent yourself—even in illustration—as "graciously accosting Her Majesty," nor describe your return from a bicycle ride as "quite as triumphal as the morning sun's setting out." And learn to spell. I have corrected your *nom de plume*, but there are several other mistakes.

PERCIVAL EDWIN.—There is nothing to commend about these pieces. From a literary point of view they are poor. For the rest they are silly, and sometimes vulgar. Of course there is truth in some of your ideas, but you will convince no one by taking such a tone.

PRESTICO.—Use the past tense and the story will read fairly well. It is too long for a magazine, however, and the part about the flight (and lost money) is unconvincing.

SIDNEY.—The lyrics flow pleasantly, and Songs I. and II. are very pretty. "Rosa Mundi" is not so well expressed, but the idea is charming, and it is unquestionably the most promising of any. The others show no special distinction, and Song III. is commonplace. The sonnets are correct and careful. Your work is decidedly above the average.

TAL.—The English is quite correct (except for the spelling of "dispels"), but elementary. As an early effort at versifying in an unfamiliar language, the verses are very creditable. Some of the ideas are pleasing, and freedom will come with practice.

TENERORUM LUSOR AMORUM.—The sentiments are excellent and the metre correct, but, with the best will in the world, I can find no poetry in the verses. No. 1 has a certain quaintness which is pleasing, but the others are dull.

X. X. X.—Too jingling. Sense is sacrificed to sound. Set to a rousing tune it might be effective at a camp meeting, but as literature it has little value.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

COURTOIS, Rev. R.—Christ's Teaching and Our Religious Divisions. Art and Book Co.
[*Endeavours to prove by an appeal to common sense and to history that it is quite possible to put an end to sectarian divisions.*]

DRIVER, E. R.—The Parallel Psalter (Prayer-Book and New Version) 6/-. Clarendon Press

HARNACK, Dr. A.—History of Dogma, trans. by E. B. Speirs and J. Millar, 10/6. Williams & Norgate

HATZFELD, A.—St. Augustine, 3/-. Duckworth

JOLY, H.—The Psychology of the Saints, 3/-. Duckworth

ROBERTSON, Dr. A.—The Bible of St. Mark, 10/6. Allen

NEW EDITION.

A'KEMPIS, T.—The Imitation of Christ, 2/-. Methuen
[*The latest volume in the charming "Library of Devotion." The translation is a revised one by Dr. Bigg of Oxford, who also provides notes and an excellent introduction.*]

BUNYAN, J.—The Pilgrim's Progress (Temple Classics), 1/6. Dent

FICTION.

BALZAC, H. de.—A Princess's Secrets, trans. by E. Marriage, 3/6. Dent

BASKETT, J. N.—"At You-All's House". Macmillan
[*See p.* 140.]

BELL, R. S. WARREN.—The Papa Papers, 1/6. Richards
[*These sketches hardly fulfil the promise of "The Cub in Love." The humour is very thin indeed, and the laughs few and far between.*]

BIRRELL, O.—The Ambition of Judith, 6/-. Smith, Elder
[*See p.* 140.]

BLONDEL A.—The Revenge of Lucas Helm, 2/6. Gay & Bird
[*An excellent translation of this effective story of the Pegnitz Valley.*]

COLERIDGE, C.—The Thought Rope, 1/-. Hurst & Blackett
[*The story of a girl in whom feminine intuition is intensified into second sight. There are perhaps too many italics, but it is a very readable story.*]

CROUCH, A. P.—For the Rebel Cause, 3/6. Ward & Lock

DOUGLAS, THEO.—Windy Gap, 1/-. Arrowsmith

DALL, G.—Christine Myriane, trans. by Miss Sarah Cagaly, 6/-. Digby, Long
[*A story of the times of the Franco-Prussian War. The rendering suggests French all through. "Did not a perpetual smile appear at his side?" reads curiously in English.*]

D'ARCY, E.—Modern Instances, 3/6. Lane
[*See p.* 141.]

DAVIS, A.—Umbandine, A Romance of Swaziland, 6/- Fisher Unwin
[*An interesting account, in the form of a story, of the life and sentiments of the Kaffirs of South Africa.*]

DOWNE, W.—By Shamrock and Heather, 6/-. Digby
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EVERETT, E. T.—A Duel with Destiny, 3/6. Gay & Bird
[*The title-story is a pathetic little tale. The others are unequal. But all are readable and some are entertaining.*]

FIRTH, G.—The Adventures of a Martyr's Bible, 6/-. Lane

FLOWERDEW, H.—A Celibate's Wife, 6/-. Lane

GARLAND, H.—Jason Edwards, 6/-. Thacker

GAUTIER, T.—Captain Fracasse, trans. by E. M. Beam, 5/-. Duckworth
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HILLARY, M.—The Blue Flag. Ward, Lock

HUNGERFORD, Mrs.—The Coming of Chloe, 2/6. White

HUNTER, E. Y.—Can it be True? 6/. Digby
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[*See p.* 138.]

MAUGHAM, W. S.—The Making of a Saint, 6/-. Unwin

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OTTERBURN, B.—Clement Carlile's Dream, 6/-. Digby
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[*See p.* 138.]

PHILIPS, F. C.—Men, Women, and Things, 3/6. Duckworth
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[*See p.* 132.]

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